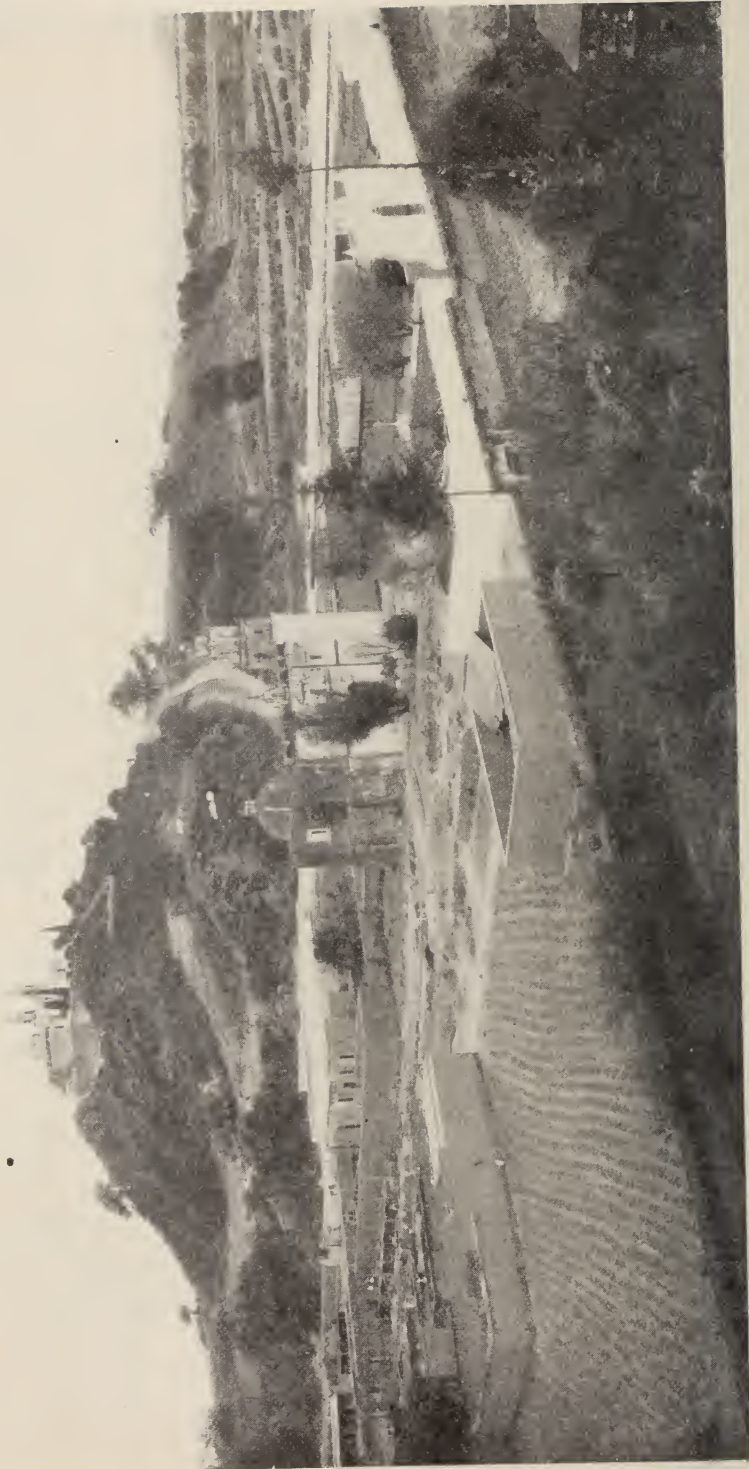




Division I

Section 7

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THE GREAT PYRAMID AT CHOLULA, MEXICO

This greatest of Mexican pyramids, overgrown with vegetation, has a height of 171 feet and a base 1000 feet square. It covers twenty acres, nearly four times as much as the pyramid of Cheops. (See "By Rail and Trail to Mexico City", p. 399.)

The Spirit of Missions

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY REVIEW
OF CHRISTIAN MISSIONS

HUGH L. BURLESON, Editor

CYRIL D. BUCKWELL, Business Manager

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No. 6

BEFORE SEPTEMBER FIRST

The Board of Missions is asking each member of the Church, before September first, to give in addition to all usual missionary offerings, at least one day's income or wage. HAVE YOU GIVEN IT? The desire is to raise \$400,000. At the time of going to press \$175,000 has been received.

PROGRESS OF THE KINGDOM

IT has been said that no occidentally born person can really know the inside of the Chinese. The same probably is at least

Japan's Attitude Toward China

the Japanese. It is not strange, therefore, that one is rather puzzled to understand the present attitude of these two nations toward one another. Many hasty generalizations have been made from published facts, and have resulted in conclusions doubtless far from correct. It would be easy to convince oneself that Japan is cannily seizing an excellent opportunity to better herself and to enslave China. There is much that might go to confirm such an opinion. But it is also conceivable that Japan's purposes are quite other than they appear on the surface, and that she believes herself to be consulting the best interests of both countries. It is a case where it seems wise to reserve judgment, especially if it is inclined to be a harsh judgment.

It is a pity, of course, that Japan should have laid herself open to the inevitable suspicion that she is availing herself of a world war to accomplish a purpose which she would not be permitted to attempt were the other powers not critically engaged elsewhere. Some warm friends of Japan in this country profess to see in her action only the establishment of "a Monroe Doctrine of the Far East." We should be glad indeed to believe that some such policy lies back of her seemingly arbitrary demands.

The world would not be unwilling that Japan—the stronger and more experienced—should encourage, protect and even guide her weaker sister. China is still in the making, and she needs much help in the process. With a teeming population and immense natural resources she is almost helpless. Like some inexperienced and timorous woman who has suddenly come into a great fortune, she is naturally suspicious of every one who seeks to help her invest it—and we

must confess she has good reason for this attitude. But just because of all this, Japan's opportunity in China, if she will use it wisely, generously and with self-restraint, may redound vastly to her credit and the future welfare of both nations.

We desire to believe in the high-mindedness of Japan's international policy. She has done much to make the world think well of her; surely for a temporary present advantage she will not risk the loss of that esteem. Yet as she deals with China, so will she stand or fall before the nations.

OUR own Church is not the only one which has found that this year of suffering and warfare is also a year of

A Year of larger Christian
Generosity generosity. The

Society for the Propagation of the Gospel held its annual meeting on April 22nd and made its report for the year 1914. At that time Bishop Montgomery said: "There can be but one feeling in the hearts of all supporters of the society,—thankfulness! Gratitude to God, daily gathering strength, for His mercies to His Church in these troubled times. Our grants for 1915 were made a few weeks before a whisper of war had come; yet they stand secure. The income of last year was wonderful; almost as large as in the phenomenal year 1913: it reached £249,156 instead of £250,585. The income for the three or four months of this year is proportionately quite as wonderful. *Regular* subscriptions have kept their level."

The Church Missionary Society of England has had receipts for the year only slightly smaller than in previous years.

Out of thirteen missionary societies in Germany, five show, since the war has begun, a considerable increase over the same period of the year before; five a slight increase, and only three a serious falling off in income.

In our own country the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, which closed its year March 31st, reports receipts that are unprecedented, the total amount being \$2,287,076.60,—more than \$100,000 in advance of last year. This amount covered all the yearly appropriations and left a balance of \$30,000. They also have reduced an old deficit of nearly \$300,000 to \$160,000.

The Methodist Church of Canada, in spite of war disturbances, is making a better record than last year.

These are signs of a prevailing Christian consciousness which encourages the belief that the Church in America will not fail in her duty toward her world enterprise.

ELSEWHERE in this issue we print a very sincere tribute by an American newspaper man to the work of our Church of the Holy Trinity in Paris, France. In these days there is

**The Church
Militant**

much criticism alleging the Church's failure to touch and better the lives of the poor. That the indictment is by no means universally true, is evidenced by such work as that done by some of our own parishes in our cities last winter, and by the eager response everywhere made to the needs at home and abroad. It does, however, cheer the hearts of those who wish to see the Church recognize her responsibility for social ministry to read words like those of the editor of the *Indianapolis Times*, when he tells of the truckloads of supplies which he saw being sent into the devastated district of France. "Before those piles of clothing," he says, "every criticism I have ever harbored against the Church fell away, and it thrilled me to think that it remained for an American Church—though not of my denomination—to give the American flag a new meaning in France."

AT last Alaska is to be opened by the building of a Government railway into the interior. Up to this time no land which was counted as the habitable territory of a civilized nation has been so shut away within itself. The barrier of the mountains on the southwest, the endless stretches of the central plains, and the deep snows of the dark north, have been the threatening guardians of the gate. Methods of transportation are, and for a long time must be, of the most primitive character. We all remember the days of the Klondike gold rush, and the terrible toll of human lives which resulted from the mere effort to reach the El Dorado.

Not only natural conditions but governmental policies have contributed to build a wall about Alaska. The conservation idea ran riot, stimulated by a commendable desire to prevent the greedy exploitation of the new land by conscienceless individuals. A course of action was followed which practically prevented all development. Alaska has long groaned under the injustice of this treatment, but at last, after a struggle extending over many years, a policy of development in the interest of the public has been adopted.

The Government railway is to be constructed from Seward, on the southern coast, through the Susitna Valley and Broad Pass, to the Tanana River at Fairbanks, which is practically the central city of Alaska. No one yet knows the value of the territory through which this railway is to pass, but it is already certain that extensive gold, silver, iron, tin and copper deposits will be reached, together with much of the best Alaska coal, said to be the equal of the world-famous Welsh coal. The rivers of the interior must also be considered with reference to the railway, as they will form enormous feeders thereto. The Yukon in its journey through Alaska

flows 1,400 miles. The Tanana, the Chandalar, the Porcupine, the Koyukuk and the Innoko, furnish 1,500 miles more of navigable water, all of which will be tributary to the projected 412 miles of railway.

Of course vast claims are made as to what this will accomplish. There are those who in imagination see great settlements in Central Alaska and a new and populous commonwealth; but others,—among them some of our own missionaries,—are doubtful whether under the best of conditions there can be a large population in the interior. Yet that important results will follow the opening of this new world-artery, every one concedes.

We naturally think of it with reference to our missionary work, which will be vastly simplified and greatly stimulated. We have reason to be grateful that in one place at least the Church has been early on the ground, and that three years before the Klondike craze, pointing a golden finger, called the attention of the world to our far northwest, we had already sent a bishop to develop the work there. We have reason also to be thankful for the character of the work which has been done and the type of men who have aided in it. It would seem that we may now reap some of the fruits of long patience and heroic self-sacrifice.

IN our January issue appeared an article on "The Status of Liberia," wherein we called attention to a statement appearing in the French press, which asserted that Liberia had aided German war ships, and that armed bands had been sent to adjacent French territory. The *Eclair* went on to say: "The hour has come for finishing a phantasmagoria of a nationality wedged into our African colonies."

Alaska's New Railway

Liberia and the War

Bishop Ferguson, writing on March 16th, confirms the conviction which was ours from the beginning, that Liberia has been grossly misrepresented. He says, "No one having any acquaintance with this republic could believe such a statement. It is a base untruth, hatched up as an excuse for wanting to carry out the wicked plans long since conceived concerning Liberia. Your comment is timely when you say, 'Great nations who claim to be at war as champions of the rights of small nations against the greed of powerful neighbors, should go softly lest they disprove their own contention.' From the beginning of the war some of us have felt apprehensive that in the readjustment at its close a pretext would be found for depriving Liberia—this Naboth's vineyard—of its autonomy."

Together with his letter the bishop sends a copy of the *Liberia Times*, published at Monrovia, wherein the editor, under the heading "Vision or Hallucination" says: "These 'armed bands' of Liberians exist nowhere except in the mind of the author of the article, while the other assertions are equally groundless. . . . Whatever may be the feelings of the people of Liberia generally towards the powers engaged in this war, we can state with certainty that they have, in obedience to the injunctions of the government, preserved an unimpeachable impartiality, and have refrained from displaying any emotions that would indicate 'Germanophile tendencies' or any other sort of tendencies; and we believe that the foreign diplomatic and consular officials at Monrovia would conscientiously substantiate these assertions. True, Liberia, like the rest of the neutral world, would desire to see the speedy end of this cruel war, but she has not and never will use her position for the advantage of one belligerent or to the disadvantage of another, nor will she allow it to be so used by any subject or citizen of such belligerents."

It is certainly the impression of many Liberians that these misrepresentations have had as a foundation something more than a misunderstanding. There may easily be some who have found the presence of the black republic an inconvenience and an offense, and who would not hesitate to give rein to their imagination if they might capture the sentiment of the world long enough to justify an act of aggression. Does this perhaps explain the assertion that "Liberia has become a refugee for hostile ships," notwithstanding the fact that its principal river, the St. Paul, will not at the best season of the year accommodate more than a small launch? The "armed bands" sent into French territory are equally absurd to any one who knows the size of the Liberian army and the remoteness of that territory. Probably the existence of "a wireless station on Liberian soil" has been suspected with equal plausibility.

The danger of aggression in Liberia we believe has passed, nor can we think that so unwarranted and intolerable a proposal is likely again to be broached.

THE three words which stand as the heading of this article naturally formed the chief consideration of the May meeting of the Board of Appropriations, Apportionment Missions, a detailed account of which is given in the later pages of this magazine. A two days' session was necessary in order to deal with these important matters. Encouragement awaited the Board in the report of the treasurer, which showed that for the second consecutive month there had been an increase in every class of receipts. The total on the 11th day of May showed \$155,000, of which \$125,000 had been definitely given for the Emergency Fund, though beyond doubt the remaining \$30,000 of increase from regular channels was

in some degree stimulated by the special appeal.

The report of the Emergency Fund Committee made it clear that this appeal, couched as it is in definite terms, and proposing a simple and proportionate plan of response, has touched the imagination and awakened the conscience of the Church as no like appeal has ever before done. Three-fourths of the gifts received are from individuals, and most of these actually represent a day's income or wage. As yet not more than one per cent. of the communicants have responded. Discouraging as this may seem from one point of view, it only shows what might be done if a good proportion of the other 99 per cent. can be reached. Will not bishops, clergy and lay people concern themselves seriously in this matter? It is the greatest, most hopeful opportunity the Church has ever had to make a great advance, and should be carried to a successful issue; not by general appeals for congregational offerings, but by definitely reaching each communicant with a request to consecrate one day's receipts to this purpose. There is large promise of success, but its fulfillment lies with the individual communicant.

As regards appropriations the Board faced its work with deep concern and conscientiousness. It realized that the Church would expect of it the utmost self-control. Every member recognized that to ask an Emergency Fund in order to place the finances on a secure footing, and at the same time to vote for any considerable expansion of the work, would stultify the Board before the Church. While recognizing, therefore, the imperative call of many particularly appealing opportunities, and sympathizing deeply with the bishops who must be compelled to await the undertaking of urgent work, the Board went on record by limiting the amount of the appropriations for the coming year to the amount at present in force.

In passing the apportionment for the next fiscal year, the Board recognized that the Church could not well be asked to make an advance in its giving, and therefore the bulk sum was set at the same figures as last year. Since, however, we now begin a thirteen months' apportionment period in order to transfer the closing of the fiscal year eventually to the first of December, the seeming amount of the apportionment will be larger, though its actual monthly proportion remains the same.

Though we have spoken so largely of finances, it would be unfair to conclude that the Board was altogether concerned with the material side of its work. There was a deep spiritual purpose felt throughout the meeting, and to an unusual degree a sense of serious responsibility, combined with earnest hopefulness, was manifested. The Board believes in the Church and desires to merit its confidence and support.

M ISSIONARIES in India and Africa have suggested that Wednesday, June 30th, which is the

**In Memory
of
Raymond Lull**

sixth-hundredth anniversary of the martyrdom of Raymond Lull, shall be observed as a day of prayer for the Moslem world. The suggestion has met with cordial response, and meetings for the purpose will be held in many cities. While we have no definite work of our own in Moslem territory, there is surely no reason why we should not share in the intercession.

The name of Raymond Lull was once one of the best-known in Europe, but how many to-day ever so much as heard of him? If anything were needed to demonstrate the utter worldliness of the histories that are taught in our schools, it is the fact that while the name of Lull is left out of them; they are filled with records of men

who contributed to the world nothing permanent except their own notoriety.

Lull was born in Palma in the Island of Majorica in 1266, of a noble family, and, like some of those who subsequently gave their lives for the Master, had anything but a worthy career in his early days. Bishop Walsh said of him: "His life and character were singular;—first a libertine and then a saint; looked upon alternately as a fanatic and a philosopher; now dreaded as a heretic, and then revered as a devotee; poet and linguist, missionary and martyr, he was altogether the most remarkable man that stands out from the dark background of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries."

The story of his work among the Saracens is one of splendor and sorrow. His conferences with the Mohammedan literati who flocked around him in great numbers remain to this day a model which many a worker in Moslem lands strives to emulate. For years he labored without ceasing and gradually gathered a small band of faithful men about him. Had he been willing thus to continue his end might have been peaceful; but, like some of the saints of old, he thirsted for martyrdom. Perhaps it was the weakness of a great mind; who dares say? At

all events, when he knew that there was only one possible result, he stood forth in Tunis, a place from which he had been banished, and exhorted the unbelievers to repent and be baptized. Astonished only for a moment by his boldness, they fell upon him, dragged him out of the city and stoned him to death. Thus died Raymond Lull on the 30th of June, 1315, and it is only fitting that we should pause when that six-hundredth anniversary comes round, and with the memory of the martyr before us, ask that we be made more worthy to follow in his train.

SOME two months ago the Editor of THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS addressed a personal letter to all subscribers commending to their attention the request for the gift of one day's income. He gratefully appreciates the courteous response made on the part of a small number, but he would like through this paragraph to recall to the thought of a very much larger number the opportunity thus given to help the Church in her time of need. Those who have done this simple, definite thing have found it a personal gratification and have contributed toward a successful outcome of the enterprise.

THANKS TO THE GIVERS

At its recent meeting the Board of Missions unanimously and enthusiastically adopted the following resolution, and asked for its widest publication to the Church:

RESOLVED: That the Board of Missions, having learned at its meeting on May 12, 1915, that the gifts to the Emergency Fund from 2,800 individuals and about 400 congregations had already reached \$125,000 of the \$400,000 asked for, sends its hearty thanks to all who have so promptly and generously made their offerings. The Board is very grateful for the splendid spirit and loyalty with which these people of the Church have responded to the suggestion that the present emergency shall be met by giving, in addition to all usual missionary offerings, at least One Day's Income or Wage. The Board asks all who have not yet given, to do so without delay in order that the full amount of \$400,000 may be speedily secured.

THE SANCTUARY OF MISSIONS

BREATHE on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly Thine;
Till all this earthly part of me
Glows with Thy fire divine.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Fill me with life anew,
That I may love what Thou dost love,
And do what Thou would'st do.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure;
Until with Thee I will one will
To do or to endure.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
So shall I never die,
But live with Thee, the perfect life
Of Thine Eternity.

—Edwin Hatch

THANKSGIVINGS

WE thank Thee"—
That the power of the Gospel
is still shown in the lives of
those who are brought to a knowledge
of Christ. (Page 410.)

For the loving deeds done by
Christian children for other children in
non-Christian lands. (Page 415.)

That witness to the Church is being
borne, and an influence exerted, in the
great exposition on the Pacific Coast.
(Page 417.)

For the increasing willingness to give
of their substance shown by Christian
converts in heathen lands. (Page 422.)

For the good example of the two
priests in South Dakota who for forty-
five years have served in its mission
work; and for other like instances of
devoted service. (Page 424.)

For the self-denying service rendered
by our American Church in Paris.
(Page 429.)

For the signs of a deepened Christian
consciousness, as shown in the
exercise of a larger Christian gen-
erosity. (Pages 392 and 394.)

INTERCESSIONS

WE pray Thee"—
To have pity upon a world
plunged in mortal strife, and to
deepen in the hearts of its rulers a
sense of responsibility and a desire for
a just and lasting peace.

To bring to an end the political chaos
prevailing in Mexico, and to establish a
righteous government, that peace may
reign and thy Church may prosper.
(Page 399.)

To guide and overrule for the highest
good of the world the international
relations of China and Japan. (Page
391.)

To prosper the Bishop of Honolulu in
his manifold ministry to diverse
peoples. (Page 420.)

To bless the Children's Refuge in
Shanghai, and all those who minister
to its success. (Page 431.)

To keep before the consciousness of
Thy Church our responsibility for
conducting the great campaign of the
Prince of Peace. (Page 398.)

To bless to the broadening and
deepening of the spiritual lives of thy
children, the efforts made by the Sun-
day schools of the Church during the
Lenten season.

PRAYERS

For Missions in Time of War

O GOD, who alone dost control the
issues of war, grant that peace
and good-will may be established
among Christians at home, and that the
law of love which Christ thy Son has
taught us may become the law of all
the nations of the earth. Look upon
those in the mission field who are suf-
fering in this time of strife, and grant
to us and to them an increased spirit
of faith and love, so that the work of
thy Church may be advanced, and
thy Kingdom established upon earth,
through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

For the Present Emergency

O LORD JESUS CHRIST, Who
dost ask of us the more, the more
Thou lovest us; we thank thee
that today thou art calling thy Church
to greater sacrifice for the Kingdom of
Heaven's sake. Grant that we all, add-
ing to the little we have given this
little more, may rise up as one man to
pour our gifts at thy feet; that so all
that is needed for the missions of the
Church may speedily be given, to Thy
honor and glory. *Amen.*

*The Quarterly Leaflet of intercession for missions used by the Church Prayer
League may be had by addressing Holy Cross House, West Park, Ulster County, N. Y.*

THE TWO GREATEST WARS

By J. CAMPBELL WHITE,
1 Madison Avenue, New York.

The European War

The World-War

20 million soldiers in physical peril.	1	50 times 20 millions of people in spiritual bondage and death.
1 million men killed in first six months.	2	2 million people die every month in heathen lands.
Cost to kill a man, about \$3,500.	3	Cost to give the gospel to the world, about \$2.00 per person.
Cost of European War, over \$40,000,000 <i>DAILY</i> .	4	Expended in World-War about \$35,000,000 <i>ANNUALLY</i> .
Fighting strength of armies, over 20 millions.	5	Total missionary force 12,000 men and 12,000 women.
Develops hatred.	6	Promotes friendliness.
Is destructive.	7	Is constructive.
Settles nothing finally.	8	Establishes Christ's enduring Kingdom, and ultimately eliminates all war.— <i>Isa. ii: 2-4</i> .

Will the Church make a serious effort to put its World-War on something approaching an adequate basis?



Photograph Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

TROOPS IN TRANSPORT ON THE MEXICAN CENTRAL RAILWAY

BY RAIL AND TRAIL TO MEXICO CITY

By Archdeacon Mellen

Archdeacon Mellen, after waiting many weeks, first on the Texas border and later at Vera Cruz, determined somehow to reach Mexico City, a distance of 265 miles. The vivid story of his experience follows:

I BECAME tired of waiting at Vera Cruz for a chance to make the journey to Mexico City on a train; so, after some three weeks, I decided to start, if I could find the right kind of traveling companion. One day I met a fine old Irish Canadian named Timothy Dwane, and it only took me a few minutes to decide that he was the man I wanted. He was getting some machinery out of the custom house in Vera Cruz, and said he was going to start for Mexico City just as soon as that was done. He is not a very large man, and does not talk very much, but has a good fund of real Irish wit. Something in his tone and accent when he said, "Yes,

sir; I'm goin'," made me feel very sure that he *would* go, and that in case of trouble he would never desert a companion and friend.

We were able to buy regular tickets for a station called Apizaco, which is 180 miles from Vera Cruz and 85 miles from the City of Mexico. Starting at 6 a. m., we were more than twelve hours in the train, but the day passed very quickly. I had a good supply of lunch—sandwiches, a jar of home-made marmalade and a bottle of strong coffee from the house where I had been staying, besides four boxes of crackers, canned tongue and evaporated milk, sweet chocolate and raisins for sustenance by the way, and

for the long walk after leaving the train. I also had a small net sack with a very slender supply of clothing, including a blanket, which cost one dollar (American money), for I knew it would be hot walking in the daytime and cold at night.

When we left the train after dark a bitter cutting wind was blowing. On the crowded platform of the station we fell in with an old German, who told us in exaggerated terms that it was impossible to get to Mexico City and that we would surely be killed. We were at the junction for the line going to the city of Puebla, and I remembered that the Rev. Mr. Green was there, so I said: "I know a man down in Puebla, and I think this would be a very good time to pay him a visit; I know he would be very glad to see me." But Dwane said very positively, "Well, *I'm goin' to Mexico!*" This simple statement had a peculiar effect upon the old German, who thought we *might* get through after all; nor did I think it necessary to go to Puebla. Then our friend was absolutely sure that we could find no lodging at all in the village, as the one hotel was overcrowded. We were both shivering with the cold, and I said to my companion, "Come on, Dwane; let's go and try that hotel anyhow." We promptly occupied the one vacant room in the little inn. Later on, as I looked out into the central court, I saw the old German picking up his baggage and meekly going out to hunt for other quarters. I have never seen him since. We were indeed thankful to be inside and out of that night wind, and we kept each other warm in the little bed.

In the morning we proceeded to find the military chief of the place and to ask for permission to ride on a military train over the next forty-five miles of road, for we were now on the border of the war zone. No passenger traffic was allowed, only military trains for the carrying of troops

and supplies. Possibly we were asking for something that this young army officer had no right to grant; at any rate, his manner was not pleasing, and we thought it well not to press the matter, but respectfully withdrew. After another visit to the railway station, getting on a train seemed to be out of the question. Then the old man said, very quietly, "Well, *I'm goin' to hit the road.*" I will confess that this seemed to me almost insane, and I said, "Suppose I don't go along, would you strike out alone?" In the same quiet, yet decided manner and tone, he replied, "Why, of course, *I'm goin' to Mexico!*"

As we walked back to our room in the little hotel I was quiet, and he did not disturb my thinking. It was for me to decide between taking some risk in trying to get to the city, or going back to wait for safer means of travel. Face to face with the question, I did not so much fear the personal danger as I dreaded doing something in a spirit of bravado which might possibly cost me my life. On entering the room I took up a part of the baggage as if to arrange for starting. He put out his hand with something of the command of royalty in the movement, and said, "No, we don't touch a thing till you decide what you're goin' to do. If we separate, you take your stuff and I take mine." That settled the question for me. "You're a better man than I am, Dwane," I said, "and I'll not leave you. Come on, let's pack up and move."

Very soon we were out of the town and walking along the line of the railroad in the open country. The sky was clear, the sun warm but not really hot, and the air delightfully bracing. We had a train schedule with the mileage all indicated, so that we could tell just how far it was from one station to another all the way along. About mid-day we sat down by the road to eat some lunch, but had no



Photograph Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

MEXICAN TROOPS IN THE STREETS OF PUEBLA

water to go with it, and as we started along the road again we left behind the empty coffee bottle, one meat-can and one milk-can. We passed two stations that afternoon where we fully expected to find water, but both were deserted and we had to go on thirsty. Once we met a military train; the top of each one of the box cars was covered with soldiers, and as it came close to us it was clear that each man had his rifle in his hands as if ready to use it. We were in an open prairie country, the only living things within their range at the time. We stood and gave them a wave, and after the train had gone my friend said, "Well, now I feel better. That was the first thing I really didn't like. One o' thim divils c'd 'a' tuk a shot at us just for fun. But, niver mind, if I'd heard wan shot I was goin' to fall right down and pretend I was dead."

As the shadows began to lengthen

and the wind to get colder I noticed that we were passing small heaps of dry barley, and I remarked that we might crawl under the straw for the night. The old man was in the lead, and not a living creature had we seen for some time. We were both getting tired, as the time-table showed that the next station was nineteen miles from where we had started at 10 o'clock in the morning. At last the station came into view, and Dwane said, "I see green trees, and that means water!" A little later I said, "I see a man, and that means a place to stay!" "Never mind," said he, "there's a box car, and we can sleep in that if we can only get some water." And so it happened that just as night fell, tired and very thirsty, we had come to the telegraph station for operating military trains. The agent and his family were living in the station, and it took only a short time to make

ourselves solid with them all, and besides a good drink of water we had some good hot coffee. The agent said he would see that we were allowed to board a military train next day, so that we could ride for twenty-six miles on our way; then Dwane stretched out on a truck in the station and I on a slat bench. We were very thankful to be out of the bitter wind, though it was far from warm in the station. About four in the morning the night operator woke us and told us the train was about to come along, but we shivered around till six, when we entered the caboose of a long train of box cars. The tops of all the cars were covered with soldiers rolled up in their blankets. With long stops, it was nearly eleven o'clock when we reached the junction of the line running to Pachuca, and we knew that from this point it would be necessary to walk, for hostile forces were not far away and some of the track had been torn up.

As soon as we were well away from the station, we sat down to eat something. The last can of tongue was opened and next to the last can of evaporated milk, and our schedule showed that we were still forty miles from the City of Mexico. There was some marmalade left, and, after all, we might be able to buy things along the road—provided people had them and were willing to sell. As we had no water with our lunch, I suggested that we go to one side a little to some prosperous-looking farm buildings to ask for a drink. At this place appeared some very wretched-looking people, who said they had no water, at which my friend was very indignant. I asked if the owner were at home, and a man said, "No, a small company of soldiers are here, and there lies a man they shot this morning!" I then saw that I was standing quite close to a dead man who had fallen on his face close to the stone wall. We were also told that the sol-

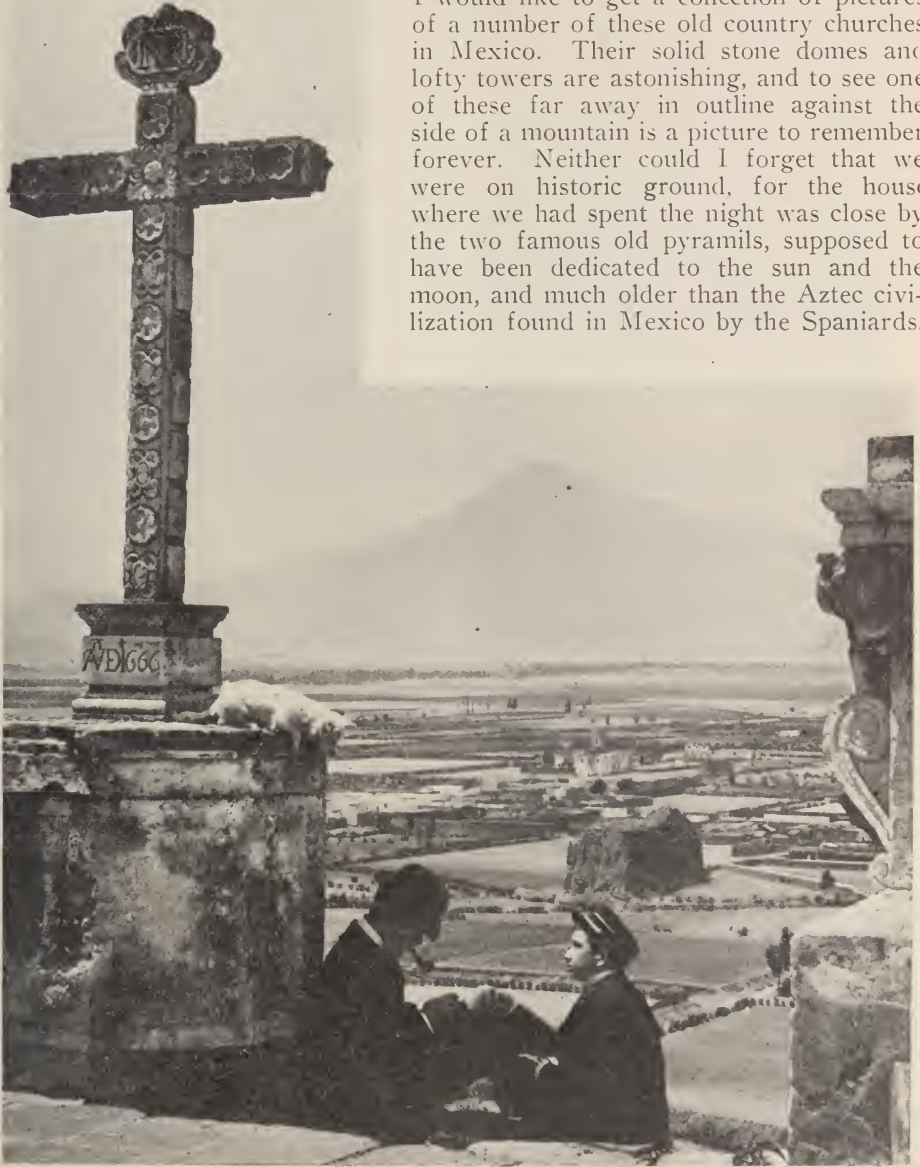
diers had all gone on horseback in the same direction we were going. As we came again to the railroad, only a short distance from the house, and turned to walk by a deserted and partly ruined section house, we came upon the naked, mangled body of a man. There was no head, and one arm lay at some distance from the body. It was a fearful sight, and spoke with terrible force of the lawless condition of the country. I will own up to being very nervous as we went on our way.

Soon after this we turned away from the railroad to walk along the footpath between the steel towers which carry the high-power current from the falls of Necaxa to the City of Mexico. While the sun was still warm in the afternoon, we rested for half an hour under a tree, taking off our shoes to rest better, and then pulled along. Again the shadows began to lengthen and the wind to carry the chill of night in a high altitude, and we were wondering what sort of reception we would get in the next village. Still walking along by the power line, we suddenly came to a garden of green vegetables, an irrigation tank high in the air, strange-looking electric affairs, and a nice, snug little house. As I opened the garden gate an American came around the corner of the house with a hearty greeting and welcome, and when we told him we were a little thirsty he said we could stay all night, and that supper would soon be ready. The higher critics may say what they please about Elijah being fed by the ravens—*I know it's true!*

At this place we were some twenty-eight miles from the city, but found that by walking across country for thirteen miles we could reach the city of Texcoco, and that from there regular daily trains were running to the city. This man also told us that he did not care to go out and make repairs along the line, and that we

were quite liable to be robbed anywhere along the road next day, but you may be sure this did not keep us awake that night.

The walk next day was really beautiful, and full of interest of various sorts and kinds. We passed through several little old villages, and by some wonderfully fine old churches. Some time I would like to get a collection of pictures of a number of these old country churches in Mexico. Their solid stone domes and lofty towers are astonishing, and to see one of these far away in outline against the side of a mountain is a picture to remember forever. Neither could I forget that we were on historic ground, for the house where we had spent the night was close by the two famous old pyramids, supposed to have been dedicated to the sun and the moon, and much older than the Aztec civilization found in Mexico by the Spaniards.



Photograph Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

POPOCATEPETL FROM THE TOP OF THE PYRAMID OF CHOLULA

Here are superimposed three civilizations: That represented by the unknown builders of the original pyramid; that of the Aztecs, who had a temple on this spot; and the Spanish Christianity which placed the Cross here in 1666.



THE PYRAMID OF THE SUN

The Pyramids of the Sun and Moon, twenty-seven miles from Mexico City, were the sites of great temples and are built of volcanic rock and clay. The Pyramid of the Sun here shown is nearly as large as the great Pyramid of Egypt.

The city of Texcoco, towards which we were going, was the place where Cortez launched his brigantines on the great lake of the valley for a final attack upon the Aztec citadel.

When we met the first group of horsemen and foot soldiers we did not know just what was going to happen, but we walked in between their horses and shook hands with them, and they allowed us to pass on. My sturdy companion was walking with some difficulty now, as he had blisters on his feet, but his Irish wit was apparently made keener by such a trifle, and there were times when I doubled over with laughing at his dry jokes.

As we were waiting for the train to take us to the city, he looked into my face and said, "You look like a different man from what you did before we left Vera Cruz. There's health and strength in every line of your face." And I could feel the truth of his words. In fact, I came in at the end of our little jaunt in such fine condition that I am hurrying to get

some writing and business affairs done here in the city and then I think I may buy a donkey and strike out north into the state of Hidalgo and visit some of the small missions in that part of the country. If I do this, I will take our candidate for deacon's orders along and give him a post-graduate seminary course. You may wonder why I don't plan for a horse instead of walking behind a pack-animal, but horses, saddles and guns are the things that are most coveted nowadays, and would surely be confiscated. Don't think anything of it if you don't hear from me for some time. I never felt better in my life, and at the same time I don't think I ever in my life had any better fun. It has been a great experience.



ARCHDEACON MELLEN
The man who "hit the trail."

HOW WE ARRIVED AT OUR STATION IN CHINA

In 1914 two sisters of the Order of the Transfiguration volunteered for service in China and were accepted by Bishop Huntington. They reached their mission station in November. The following description by Sister Helen Veronica was not sent to us for publication, but we print it because it shows so vividly the experiences of a newly-arrived missionary in China.



"BEGGAR WOMEN COME OUT IN A TUB"

AFTER a few hours of pandemonium we are really started up the Yangtse River with a lady from the Anking mission and forty-eight packages—just little bundles like a kitchen stove and our three trunks! The captain has a most delightful way of telling sea yarns. He is Scotch and left home for sea when he was twelve, so he has had time for his stories to ripen into delicious fiction. On Saturday we passed Wuhu and waited an hour at the dock, but there was not time enough to go over to the compound. The city looks very interesting, and I believe we will be very happy there. While we were waiting some beggar women came out to the ship in a tub. It reminded us of the three wise men of Gotham. Those old women were so clever in steering it out of the way of the boats and they had only wooden shovels for paddles.

The experience of landing at Anking was tremendous. Mr. Smalley

had warned us not to be frightened. When the ship stopped a terrible noise, such as might lead one to think that civil war had broken out in China or that the ship was being captured by pirates, began, and out of this tumult Mr. McCarthy and Dr. Taylor appeared. It was two o'clock in the morning. We stayed on the boat until the excitement subsided and some of these mobs of Chinese were out of the way. Then there was the task of seeing that our forty-eight packages were *all* unloaded, which the men did while Sister Edith and I stood by to see that none were carried off after they did get unloaded. What we would have done had we been alone no one can tell. It was perfectly fascinating. There were so many things going on to see that I didn't notice a family, wife and three children, rolled up in a comforter asleep on the deck, until I almost fell over them. The man was working. The boats arrive in Anking at the small hours of the night and so these people camp on docks to be at hand when the business begins. And



SISTERS HELEN VERONICA AND EDITH
CONSTANCE



ONE OF ANKING'S ARCHES

all this loud jabber of—to us—meaningless words!

To describe our first trip through Chinese streets, I shall have to take a long breath and think how to begin. Edgar Allan Poe might have been equal to it, but in reading my description you will have to turn on the full current of your imagination and allow for my limited vocabulary. Imagine that it is three o'clock in the morning and very, very dark. We are each in a chair with two coolies in front and one in back, and Dr. Taylor walking in front with a small lantern giving just enough light to make a spooky darkness, and to let us see something of what we were passing through. For a little distance, we are going up a narrow, winding street scarcely wide enough for two chairs to pass, with walls on either side; then we come to a great arch and a ponderous iron gate. The doctor knocked and a voice on the other side asked a question. The doctor took out a paper and read some lingo and gave names, all of which was evidently satisfactory, for the gates opened and we passed between two armed soldiers who gave us searching looks. Now we had reached Anking proper and the iron gates closed behind us. Everything was so

dark and quiet. The only sound we heard was the scuttling of the collies' feet and the occasional signal to change shoulders. We swung along the roughly paved streets, which are only as wide as our city sidewalks. The crookedness of the street gave no chance for vista and there was always that delightful feeling that a surprise might be waiting at the next turn. At intervals an armed soldier would step out from behind some projection—and there were many projections—look at us and then disappear. We turned and turned, went up steps and turned again. All the shops along the way were closed and barred, which made everything look deserted and desolate. Looking up we could see a crooked line of sky, but in many places the signs and little bridges across the streets completely shut out any sight of sky.

When we came to the gate of the compound Dr. Taylor knocked and called, the six coolies knocked and called, the Doctor knocked and called again; then from the depths came a voice of response. We waited with the hope of getting in, but no one came, and the knocking and calling had to be done again. Sister Edith said it re-



A STREET IN ANKING

minded her of a scene in Macbeth. Again the voice from the grave answered, but this time nearer, and finally the gates were opened. I looked around and and fully expected to see the ghost of old Charon himself, but saw no one, for the old man was carefully hidden behind the gate and that seemed more spooky than ever.

If we had difficulty in getting in, we were rewarded for perseverance, for the compound grounds are a veritable park, and in the faint light of the lantern the garden formed a most pleasing contrast to what we had just passed

through. The people at the hospital heard our pounding and one of the nurses was all dressed to come down, for she said she was sure the old gatekeeper was dead, as he is expected to be at any time. They tell us that our homecoming here was unusual, but we are very glad to have it as it was. It was most interesting. I was terribly blue coming up the river in the boat, but by the time I reached the compound all my spirits were back in place and I was willing to pronounce Anking a first-rate town for excitement and novel experiences!

"BONES, RAGS AND HEARTS."

By P. R. R. R.

IT happened in Puerto Rico, that island of paradoxes, where twentieth-century civilization walks hand in hand with fifteenth-century methods, thoughts and conditions. The day before it happened the priest had baptized a wizened bundle of "bones, rags and a heart,"—a baby five months old, and so sick with whooping-cough that there was little if any chance of recovery.

On the morning of the day it happened the priest bought his bottle of fresh milk and started to "foot it" up the mountain to the little hut where she that had been baptized "Ilaria" slept the sleep of small children with whooping-cough. Being almost mid-day, the heat of the tropical sun was depressing. But the mother would be so glad to see the priest and hear his cheery voice, and baby would be so refreshed with the sweet milk that the priest hastened on, whistling as he went: "It's a Long Way to Tipperary," but mentally changing the words to: "It's a short road to baby Ilaria."

About a mile and a half from Ilaria's home appeared a curious sight. A very small old lady was squatting by the side of the road, surrounded by

a circle of boys. Evidently they were having the time of their lives. The old lady was poor; that was quite evident at first sight. She was stockingless and shoeless; that is always a sign of poverty in the tropics. Her clothes were not very new, nor very clean for that matter. But her wrinkled face was a real attraction. One could see that even in her extreme poverty she was happy, and preserved a sense of humor. At the sound of her voice the milk, Ilaria, her mother and the mountain hut were temporarily forgotten. The priest also sat down, and widened the circle a little more. The old lady continued her chatter. She was hugely enjoying her predicament. She informed her circle of attentive listeners that her home was up in the mountains; that she had not been down to the village for years, but that morning she decided she was coming down if only for a last sight before her death. Her daughter had objected to the trip, but she had made up her mind, and nothing could make her remain at home. While the daughter had gone down to the brook for some water she had slipped out of the house unobserved, and had started down hill

just to see the village once more. But her Good Father God had punished her for her obstinacy and contrariness. Half-way down she had felt a bit tired and could go no further without some rest. She had sat down to rest a few minutes and then could not get back the use of her limbs. She was unable to take a single step back or forward. But she was happy that she had attempted the trip; happy, because from the place where she was sitting she could see the roofs of the houses down in the village, the city hall and the church belfry and the windmills. It was so long since she had stood as God-mother, and it was so long since she had taken part in a religious "fiesta." And then she laughed humorously over her daughter's worry. She did not know how she was going to get back, nor did she care. On and on she chattered, with as little sense of responsibility as a young baby.

Of course the priest made up his mind to see the old lady,—“Bones, Rags and Heart,” as he called her—to her home. But how to get her there? There was no horse at hand. The distance was too great to carry her in his arms. While in the midst of his thoughts, to which the continuous chatter of the old lady formed a sort of accompaniment, there came along a boy pushing in front of him a small wagon made up of a “Uneeda Biscuit” box on two wheels. Here was a way out of the difficulty. The priest borrowed the cart, placed “Bones, Rags and Heart” therein, and continued his journey up-hill with his cheery load. The old lady was enjoying her ride immensely.

If some conservative Episcopalian in the States could have seen the young clergyman pushing along a home-made wagon with its human freight, would such an one have thought the dignity of the ministry suffered for lack of proper setting?

The priest and his load had not gone

on their way more than half a mile when they met, coming toward them, the mother of baby Ilaria. Evidently the good woman was worried over something, and when she saw the priest and his load her face for the moment was an enigma, though rather a pleasant one. Explanations cleared the mist away. The old lady was Ilaria's grandmother, and the daughter had worried much over her disappearance. She was naturally very grateful to get her mother back with so little trouble to herself. Taking the milk which the priest had brought, Ilaria's mother hastened up hill “to get the coffee on the fire.”

The old lady apparently did not realize that her “horse” was, or should have been, a dignified priest, but she recognized a man with a sense of humor. She kept up a constant chatter about all sorts of things, and as a consequence her “horse” enjoyed what was left of the journey very much indeed.

When finally they reached the top of the hill the priest tenderly picked up “Bones, Rags and Heart” in his arms, and placed her in a hanging hammock. Her one remark was: “I am never going to leave this old home again until God sends for me.”

Baby Ilaria was sleeping, and as the priest gazed down on her little emaciated face something told him that the little one would not long survive old “Bones, Rags and Heart,” that they would soon go up to the home of their Father, and there become, what they really had a right to be, happy, romping children.

That afternoon, as the priest found himself going down the hill pushing his cart before him, he could not help but thank God that he was permitted to exercise his ministry in a country where celebrating the Holy Eucharist and pushing a cart with such a precious load of “Bones, Rags and Heart” were not inconsistent one with the other.



THE PARISH HOUSE AS A NIGHT SCHOOL
The paper doors marked "P" screen the altar.

LEAVES FROM A MISSIONARY DIARY

By the Rev. P. A. Smith

THE work of Holy Trinity Church in Fukui, Japan, has received a new impetus for this year's work from the fact that it now has a real base of operations. Until October, 1914, the services had to be held in a dark rented house, or, as was done for more than a year, in one of the rooms in the missionary's residence. Now, however, we have a small but infinitely more convenient parish house which is being well used. It has three rooms which can all be thrown together when large meetings are held, and yet the one in front of the chancel is small enough not to make the ordinary congregation of ten to twenty-five people seem too lonely. The chancel itself is shut off from the rest of the building by large sliding

paper doors which are opened only at the time of the services.

The need of such a building, and the great inconvenience caused by the lack of it, may be seen from the fact that there are a Sunday-school and two services held in it every Sunday, a Bible lecture on Friday evening, and a night school has its classes of twenty to forty boys in it on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings. This leaves only Saturday evening open, and even that is often taken by special meetings. How we got along without it before is almost incomprehensible now.

It is hard to give any adequate idea of the real work being done in any field, for the dry round of daily work is dull reading, but the following in-

cidents may give some idea of what is being done by the Church people and by the mission force, both Japanese and foreign.

January 16.—To-day I have had a unique experience, especially in this stronghold of Buddhistic conservatism, the northeast coast of Japan. I go to a commercial school in Tsuruga and talk to the boys of the two upper classes on morals or ethics. I cannot teach Christianity, as all religious teaching is barred from Japanese government schools. But morals and ethics with no religious backing is rather "skim-milky" stuff, so I suggested a class in the Sermon on the Mount, to be held in the church for those who cared to attend. The principal of the school was asked if he would approve of the project, and he not only did so but said that he would himself urge the boys to attend. The first meeting was to be held to-day, but the roads were nearly blocked with snow, making it very hard for the boys to go from the school to the church, nearly a mile away. The principal, on his own initiative, suggested holding the class in the school. I demurred, as I feared it might get him into trouble, but he insisted and it was so arranged.

In order to give due publicity to this class, he called all the boys of the school together and told them that if they did not know at least as much about Christianity as is contained in the Sermon on the Mount they were not fit to face the world. He then came back and reported to me what he had said and done, and then said, "Be sure that you use plenty of Japanese in this talk for I want every boy to understand. It is far more important than the lesson in ethics or morals that you give ordinarily."

At 2 p. m. when I stepped into the room, I found about forty-five or fifty boys, two teachers and the principal waiting for me, and every one paid the most careful attention during the

half-hour that I gave them on the first two beatitudes. Verily, the doors will open to us if we will but work and wait. Much of the openmindedness of this principal is due to the fact that for several years the Rev. C. S. Reifsnider, while priest-in-charge in Fukui, taught English to the students of this school, and to-day his picture hangs in one of the rooms as a token of their regard for him and their gratitude for his help.

January 21.—I have just come from a chat with an old man whose wife I baptized, and gave her first and last Communion, only about a week apart, about New Year's time. She died within two days after having received the Sacrament, and her faith was a lesson to many of stronger intellect and longer training, for she trusted her Saviour as few do, though she could hardly read or write, and her husband is only a poor maker of carts.

When I went to give her the last Sacrament, the old man told me that she smiled very often, in spite of her pain, and when he asked her what she was smiling at she said, "I am happy to think that soon I shall be out of all this pain and distress, and shall be in Heaven with God." After she had been helped up, had received the Sacrament (she refused to receive it lying down and insisted on being lifted into a sitting position), and had lain down again, she repeated over and over, "Ureshii, ureshii" (Happy! happy!).

To-day when I went to see the old man, he was back at his work, as cheerful and smiling as ever. He told me that when the relatives and friends came to the funeral they were surprised at his cheerfulness; some even thought he might be a little out of his head from his grief. He assured them, however, that he was perfectly sane, and that there was no need for them to be worried on his account. He was only happy to think that his wife was now safe with God, and that he

would follow soon. Some of them wondered, and one remarked, "Can any one feel as happy as that if he listens to preaching now and then? It certainly is wonderful."

Toward the end of the chat he said that he hoped we would come and hold preaching meetings in his house. He wanted to show his gratitude to God in some way, and that seemed about the only thing he could do, as he was very poor. So as soon as we can make time,—and that will be very soon—we shall have another preaching-place opened in an almost untouched section of the city, the result of the gratitude of a simple-hearted old man who follows, in part at least, the trade the Master learned, and who is trying to follow Him in his life. He said to-day that it might mean persecution, but that need not hinder things in any way, for he was not afraid of anything of that kind. And when I looked at the little hovel—a 12 x 15 work-room in front and a 12 x 12 living-room for himself and his two young men sons—I thought of the widow's mite. He was literally offering his *all* for the use of the Master, which is more than many of us do.

February 1.—Yesterday may be, and we have faith to believe that by God's help it will be, the beginning of a new day for Holy Trinity Church, Fukui. It is a small church, there being but fourteen communicants besides the five Christian workers, and even when we add the three or four who are to be baptized soon it does not look like much of an army to face hostile Buddhism, rank materialism, acknowledged selfishness, and a state of

the social evil that is considered remarkably rotten, even here in Japan. Nevertheless that little army is facing just that kind of task with courage and vigor.

The situation is this:—Some years ago the work of the American Church Mission was opened in Fukui by the late Bishop Williams, and in 1897 he baptized Mrs. M. Yamano, the first-fruits of his work in this city. Mrs. Yamano is a descendant of an old family which had once been Christian, in the days of the Jesuits who followed Xavier, and which still clings to some of the old Christian heirlooms, things which until very recent years were allowed to be seen only by the person actually succeeding to the headship of the family, for fear of persecution if such things were known to be in their possession.

From this point on the church pro-



THE PARISH HOUSE OF HOLY TRINITY, FUKUI

gressed slowly but surely, and under the Rev. Dr. Reifsnider the foundation of a real church organization was laid. Then for a time there came a series of reverses. Many of the church people moved away and the missionary force had to be lessened and changed. But the handful who remained kept their courage, and yesterday, after the morning service, every member present, eleven in all, undertook definite responsibility for the carrying on of some kind of work for the Church among the people of the city. Of the three who were absent two are active workers, and the third is a young woman whose father has forbidden her to come to church for some reason or other. But even in her case there is hope that the example of the others will put her father to shame, and that she will be allowed to do something. So we now have the prospect before us of seeing *all* the Christians, together with the Christian workers, united in a fight to make the Church's message known to the people of the city.

The vestry had made out a list of four or five kinds of work that it would be possible for the people to do, and when these were written down on a blackboard the people were asked where they would like best to help. It was inspiring to see Mrs. Yamano, lame with age and rheumatism, stand up and say that she was ready to do her part in the women's work; and so it went, from the judge's wife on the front seat, through the two young mothers with babies, to the old nurse who cares for the missionary's baby; and from the principal of a common school and a teacher in the local normal school to the old maker of carts; every one was ready to do something. Our plans include women's meetings, three Sunday-schools, and perhaps a fourth meeting for children on a weekday, the care of the church building by a layman, leaving the workers free of that responsibility; the welcoming

and holding of the young men who are beginning to come to the church, by the younger men of the congregation. This, with the night school already going, and the outside work of the missionary in government schools and other towns, will make a pretty full program. In fact, it seems almost like a staggering proposition; but "staggering proposition" is not in the vocabulary of a church filled with zeal, at least not in any sense which implies impossibility.

February 22.—Wonder of wonders! even in this old conservative town of Fukui the light is breaking. An official has just come with a message from the post-master asking me, a *missionary*, to come to the post office on the 25th and talk to the employees! An invitation of this kind from a purely official source is a thing almost if not quite unknown in the city of Fukui, for the Buddhists hold all such privileges with great pertinacity. I wonder what the gentleman whose place I am to take will think of the matter.

February 25.—I spoke for an hour on the subject of moral courage to forty or fifty post-office employees, including the post-master himself, this afternoon. They all listened attentively, and after it was over I had a chat with the higher officials privately. This makes one more door open for personal contact and personal work among another group of men. Verily, there is no end to the opportunities for work; the only limits are those of time and human strength.

THE Boone University Library, at Wuchang, China, maintains over a dozen traveling libraries which circulate among the government schools, the Y. M. C. A. organizations in Hankow and Wuchang, and the Chinese soldiers stationed in Wuchang. These libraries are made up partly of English books and partly of translations.

HOW A MISSIONARY PHYSICIAN WENT IN

Dr. Murphy and his wife, of Rhinelander, Wisconsin, have gone to take the place of Dr. and Mrs. Burke at Ft. Yukon while the latter are on furloughs. We give the following interesting description of their experiences:

WE arrived at Fort Yukon on the 21st of September after a very pleasant journey of seventeen days. We enjoyed our trip over the Great Northern immensely. Wednesday evening, September 9th, we sailed on the *Dolphin*, 9 p. m.—dogs, bird and all. I cannot begin to describe the beautiful voyage from Seattle here. We arrived at Ketchikan September 11th. Stopped about two hours to unload freight, giving us ample time to run up town and see what was to be seen. The weather was ideal and *such* air! It seemed to exhilarate one and arouse new ambitions. On the 12th we stopped at Wrangell and Petersburg, and on the 13th had plenty of time to see Douglas and Juneau, arriving at Skagway about 1 p. m. We stayed here over night at the Pullen House. Mrs. Pullen is a Churchwoman, and an old settler in Skagway. She very interestingly entertained us, talking of the craze of '97 and '98.

Monday morning, September 14th, we left Skagway over the White Pass Railroad. Miss Parmelee and two other of our missionaries at Tanana got on the train here also. The trip over the White Pass is about 110 miles, and took us about ten hours. On the way through the mountains, at times we would seem to be just clinging to their sides. Looking out of the car windows, we could see evidences of the trail of '97 and '98, where so many gave up their lives. Chilkoot Pass was plainly visible. We were obliged to stay at White Horse two days waiting for our boat. Father Blackwell, our clergyman there, entertained us by taking us out to White Horse Rapids. Think of those poor fellows shooting this swift stream in little shells, hardly able to hold together under ordinary

circumstances! Many never lived to tell of their experience. At White Horse we first began to appreciate Alaska interior prices. Nothing less than two bits, and as a rule a dollar was plenty small enough. It cost me 50 cents for a shave.

Tuesday night we left White Horse on steamer *White Horse*, our first encounter of the great Yukon River that was to take us to our final destination. At night, as soon as it became dark, the boat would pull up along shore and tie up for the night, at the same time loading necessary supply of wood. The boats are all large, commodious, Mississippi-style stern-wheelers.

The night of September 17th we saw our first real display of northern lights. It is absolutely beyond description, and so weird; the colors were beautiful. We arrived at Dawson Friday, September 18th, and were obliged to lie over here one day for the steamer *Schwatka*. Father Davies took us out to the mouth of the Klondike River to see one of the large dredges in operation. We had special permission to go through. This mammoth plant takes bed rock and has to go down forty feet to get it. One dredge averages \$10,000 a day—all dust, no nuggets. It handles hundreds of tons of earth a day.

Got away from Dawson on the 19th at 6 o'clock p. m., and on the 20th arrived at Eagle. Archdeacon Stuck met us there and accompanied us to Fort Yukon. Had services on boat Sunday, the 20th and arrived at Fort Yukon Monday, September 21st, about noon. Some of my freight did not arrive until two days later. Piano, furniture, dogs, and in fact everything, came through in good shape.

We found a large eight-room house

which had been repainted and calcimined. Things were very untidy, but we saw where, with a little effort, we would have a very comfortable home. The church is just west of the house, and the hospital just east. The hospital will not be done until spring. Two men are working on the interior all the time. There is to be a general ward, tubercular ward, operating and dressing-room, dispensary, my private office, two private rooms, dining-room, kitchen, pantry, closets, etc., down stairs. Upstairs, four nurses' rooms. The rest will not be finished until later. Have a thousand dollar acetylene plant to light all three buildings.

The climate is ideal. The coldest we have had so far has been 38 below, and only for one night. The temperature has averaged between 15 below and zero. When it is 15 below one can hardly believe it. It does not seem as cold as zero weather at home, for there is no wind and the air is dry. The last few days have been above zero and it really seems warm. We have a furnace in the house, and no trouble to keep warm; in fact, the house is too warm most of the time. My dispensary hours are 9-10 a. m. and 7-8 p. m. At first it was very hard to get the natives to come at regular hours, but I have them well in hand now.

There are about 350 natives in the village. I went over the entire town and made a physical examination of all, with good results.

They have a "native council" and expect to have a "board of health" soon. Their cabins are made of logs, all supplied with ventilators and in most cases kept respectable.

Soon after my arrival here, I was summoned professionally to Hot Springs, 150 miles from here. Got the last boat to Circle and drove from there to the Springs, a distance of 50 miles. Was gone eight days. Had to come from Circle in small launch. My expenses alone were over \$250.00. The government sent for me. Have

had several long trips since. Two weeks ago to-morrow, they came after me with two dog teams to go to Beaver, 90 miles down the Yukon, to see a sick woman there. Made the trip down in two days and took three to come back, staying at Beaver one day. Encountered quite a lot of overflow and flowage ice stacked in places eight feet high. One trip we made 100 miles in two days, with load. Had to run mostly all the way. Travelled day and night. When the moon is bright it is as light almost as day time, although very much colder. We have a native minister here, William Loola, and the natives are very regular in their attendance at church, only very few being absent at any one service. Archdeacon Stuck left on his trip about November 18th. Since that time I have been holding the white services.

Now the sun appears above the horizon at noon for about an hour. Gets light about 9.30 a. m. and dark again at 3 p. m. We have breakfast about 9 and dinner at 4 p. m., then lunch about 9 p. m. Very seldom we get to bed before midnight. Mrs. Murphy is kept busy all the time as well as myself. Time does fly; it does not seem as if we have time to accomplish anything. We are both enjoying the best of health and could not possibly be happier.

In speaking before the delegates of the Southern Methodist Conference in Washington, the President of the United States used the following significant words:

THIS is a council of peace, not to form plans of peace, for it is not our privilege to form such, but to proclaim the single supreme plan of peace, the revelation of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, because wars will never have any ending until men cease to hate one another, cease to be jealous of one another, get that feeling of reality in the brotherhood of mankind which is the only bond that can make us think justly of one another and act righteously before God himself.

MORE ABOUT HAPPY HEART

In our February issue there appeared an article by Dr. Jefferys, one of our medical missionaries in the district of Shanghai, China, in the course of which there was a description of Happy Heart, the little Chinese invalid who for some years occupied a bed in the children's ward of St. Luke's Hospital, Shanghai, and who a little over a year ago found rest from his sufferings. Dr. Jefferys has interested the boys and girls of the Church to endow a bed in the name of Happy Heart, and in the following letter he gives additional information concerning the progress of the enterprise, and tells of the faithful little Christian in memory of whom it is being conducted.

To the Children of the Church in America

Dear Children:—

Yesterday a letter came to me from Dr. E. S. Tyau, who used to be my assistant during the many years that Happy Heart was at St. Luke's. Dr. Tyau is now a professor in St. John's University, and one of the medical chiefs in the hospital. When the Happy Heart fund got past the \$300 mark, I wrote Dr. Tyau, asking him to have the bed marked with Happy Heart's name, and entered as one of the endowed beds of the hospital. You see by the picture that this has been done. Even if you children do not complete the endowment—which of course you will do—the sum you have so far given would keep the bed free for about eight years, which is longer than he was in the hospital and kept other children out of the bed, you remember. But of course we are going to make it the full \$1,000 and a permanent endowment, aren't we?

Now I have had so many letters asking me for more facts about Happy Heart, that I am going to give you some more of the details of his life, in order that you may know him a little better. His full name is Zien Siang-Pau. His father, whose name was of course Zien, was a district magistrate in the fair and rich city of Nanzing; of good repute for honesty and faithfulness to duty,—what the Chinese call Ch'ing Kuan, which means an honest official with a pure heart. Consequently at his death, when Siang Pau was only an infant, no money had been saved up because as an official he did

not "squeeze"—or as we call it, graft. A Chinese official who did not "graft" always died poor. Poverty was considered the badge of his public honor—after death, not before. The child's mother was a woman of some education, but she had to turn to immediately on the death of her husband and earn a livelihood for herself and her little boy. You already know the story of her long struggle to keep him at home, and of her bringing him to St. Luke's dispensary.

Not immediately, but after Happy Heart had been in the hospital for some time, perhaps three years, his mother, who used to come to see him as often as she could, attracted Miss Bender's favorable attention, and was taken by her into training as a nurse for the women in our private rooms. The work was excessively taxing, and though she stuck at it for a year or more, she then went into the interior to teach in one of our schools for children; because, while in the hospital, she too became a Christian, and being as I say, a woman of considerable education, the Mission has so employed her. Dr. Tyau tells me that Happy Heart was under the roof of the hospital for six years; that he came at the age of twelve, and died when he was eighteen. My own recollection had been that he was eight years old when he came, and was with us for eight years, which would have made him sixteen at the time of his death. Part of this seeming difference of opinion is due to the fact that when Chinese children are born they are one year old, so that if Dr. Tyau was right—and he is very accurate, and has the

sources of information at hand—still, according to our calculation, Happy Heart was only seventeen when he died, and he was always such a mite of a thing that his age never seemed to matter much anyway.

Bishop Brent says about love that one cannot analyze it; love is just love. Well, Happy Heart is just Happy Heart.

According to Chinese ways of talking, Happy Heart was quite a scholar, having learned much from his mother. He read with ease, if reading Chinese can ever be "with ease." He used to spend a great deal of his time reading Chinese history and the Bible. You remember how he knew all the children's hymns, but his favorite always was "Jesus Loves Me, This I Know." Deacon Wong, who knew him very well, and took the greatest personal interest in him, and taught him his Christian faith—in words at least—says that Happy Heart wore a smiling face always, until his last days, and used often to tell the other boys in the ward "not to get angry easily." Every Christmas Eve Deacon Wong used to hold a test at the hospital, and give a prize for the best answers in regard to the life of Christ, but he says *every time Happy Heart won it*. There were usually only about half

a dozen youngsters competent to compete for the prize. One prize which Happy Heart was especially pleased was a woolen undershirt. The Deacon says that he knew the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments and the Creed. Every morning, every weekday and Sunday, he went down to the Chapel for services. "Sometimes he was carried down, because the nurses and all loved him so dearly." He is buried in the Church's graveyard at Sinza in the suburbs of Shanghai.

Dr. Tyau says in his letter, "I am glad to say the board for Happy Heart's bed is ready, of which I have also taken a picture. You will find the photo enclosed, showing you a charity patient already in possession of that comfortable bed. I purposely took in the other bed by its side, so that your friends in the United States may also label it some day."

I would go Dr. Tyau one better. There are ten beds in that ward. I would like to see you label them all—endow the whole children's ward. Why not, some day? But meanwhile there are nearly \$600 to be raised yet in order to make Happy Heart's bed permanently free.

Very lovingly,

WM. H. JEFFERYS.





PALACE OF EDUCATION AND SOCIAL ECONOMY, PANAMA-PACIFIC EXPOSITION

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY EXHIBIT AT THE P.-P. I. E.

IN the Palace of Education and Social Economy at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, just within the main portal, opposite the fairy lagoon of Fine Arts, is a booth that unmistakably belongs to the Church. Churchpeople straying a little wearily through the maze of exhibits, brighten perceptibly as they step in and say with the satisfaction of the wanderer come home: "Why, this is *our* exhibit"; and then, with the conscious pride of ownership, "I am an Episcopalian."

The Church section is divided from the adjoining sections by a simple rood screen, which, after the Fair is over and the exhibits are dismantled, can be used in some mission church. The cross that surmounts the screen is, so far as the writer knows, the only cross—save the crucifix in the arms of the monk on the Tower of Jewels—that is uplifted on the Fair grounds. On the wall at the back of the booth is

emblazoned the legend "The Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Episcopal Church." Across the aisle is a smaller section where the G. F. S., through charts and pictures, tells the story of its noble work. The only pity is that the General Board of Religious Education, the Social Service Commission, the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, and other important boards or societies of the Church are not represented. It would have been well to have had a complete and comprehensive Church exhibit. But even as it is, our Church exhibit has the largest, and—if we can judge by the number of visitors—the most interesting display in that part of the building devoted to religious organizations.

The theme of the Church missionary exhibit is the extension of the Kingdom in relation to the opening of the Panama Canal; that is, the work done in those countries that the opening of the canal is bringing closer to us, and



THE CORNER WHICH HOUSES OUR EXHIBIT

the new opportunities and duties that are thus imposed upon us. The exhibit shows very graphically how the Church is bringing the gifts of civilization—abundant physical, abundant intellectual, abundant spiritual life—to those that sit in darkness.

Some of the material used in the exhibit has figured already in *Everywhere*; for example, the brilliantly colored allegorical posters with the statistics of our missions, which have proved one of the most striking features of our booth. But most of the material is new, and was collected for the P.-P. I. E. by the Educational Department. Some of the most interesting models, pictures, books and curios are the fruit of Dr. Gray's visit to the Far East a year ago.

The work of the Church for the extension of the Kingdom is told here in various ways and from the various

points of view; by "war maps," on which thumbtacks show the strategic positions held by our army—blue for churches, yellow for schools and red for hospitals; by large photographs displayed on screens by which the visitors can travel from the Chapel at 281 Fourth Avenue, New York City, to the church at Point Hope, or the hospital at Zamboanga, or the university in Wuchang; by models of the missionary compounds in Tokyo and Shanghai and Manila, of Boone Library, of the hospital at Fort Defiance, Arizona, Hobart Church at Oneida, Wisconsin, and Christ School, Arden, N. C. Products of our industrial schools, Prayer-books and Bibles in various languages, translations and grammars compiled by our missionaries, the confirmation crosses given by Bishop Rowe, Bishop Restarick and Bishop Biller, and other objects of missionary interest are shown in glass cases. Finally the stereomograph, described in the circular as the "little brother of the moving-picture machine," throws a new slide every twelve seconds on the "daylight attachment screen" that graces the corner of the booth. Of course there is a literature table, and a big SPIRIT OF MISSIONS table, from which goodly piles of leaflets and "sample copies" disappear with amazing rapidity. *The Churchman* and *The Living Church* also have tables in this section.

But our exhibit is not a mere dry-as-dust collection of things. It is made to live and tell by the lips of the "stewards" its thrilling story of duties and joys, privileges and opportunities bravely and faithfully met in the winning of the world. Men and women from San Francisco and around the Bay have volunteered to give one or two days a month during the Exposition period to this service. The Educational Department sent a member of the staff to install the exhibit and to help the stewards during the first few weeks, but since Easter



A PART OF THE EXHIBIT

the entire management of the exhibit has rested with a joint committee appointed by the Convention and the House of Churchwomen of the Diocese of California. Each week one of the clergy acts as "captain of stewards," and spends several hours daily in the exhibit. There are also four lay stewards on duty each day.

When the Board of Missions was asked by the Eighth Province to send an exhibit to the P.-P. I. E. the wisdom of an appropriation for such a purpose was questioned. Already, however, the exhibit has justified itself. Nearly two thousand persons have registered since the opening of the Exposition. For every one who registers five or six visit the exhibit without registering. The passing throngs see the cross and have impressed upon at least their subconscious minds, the fact that material advance—harvesting machines and long-distance telephones, seedless apples and secular education, are not the only measure of human progress. Just this is a sufficient reason for the exhibit—just the fact that somewhere in this gigantic Exposition of human achievement is writ large the words

ad majorem dei gloriam. But more definitely to the careless and indifferent, to the not-yet-Christians, our exhibit witnesses of the power of the Gospel to transform nations and individuals, and to make them partakers of the abundant life which dwellers in Christian lands enjoy, often without appreciating its source. While to the Christian who is not a Churchman our exhibit witnesses to the peculiar heritage of the Anglican Communion, and explains the position and work of the American Episcopal Church. Finally the exhibit explains and vitalizes for many Churchpeople their share in the responsibilities and achievements of their Board of Missions.

As we think of the many who drifted into the exhibit during the first weeks of the Fair, three especially come to mind. The first was a miner from Alaska, about one hundred and fifty miles from Nome. A picture of Bishop Rowe and the Pelican caught his eye as he passed. "I once traveled with the Archdeacon for a week on that boat," he explained to us. So we asked him some questions. He did not know much about the Church or about religion, but he knew that the Bishop



Two great-great-great-grandnieces of Bishop Hobart standing on either side of the model of Hobart Indian Church, Oneida, Wis.

and the Archdeacon were men of whom Alaska was proud. He had not been outside many weeks, and he was lonely. He spent the entire morning studying the exhibit, asking questions, and pouring out to us the story of his life, of his temptations, and of his struggle to keep straight. Then there

were two sweet-faced Roman Catholic sisters who sat down one afternoon in front of the stereomograph, and who did not leave the exhibit until they knew the whole story of our missionary work. They left us with thanks for the interest and the instruction the exhibit had afforded them. Finally, there was a little Sunday-school lad who strayed in one Saturday in Lent. We asked him if he had a mite box. "Yes," was the wondering answer. Then we asked him if he would like to know what happened to the pennies. Again a surprised "yes." A more absorbed visitor never studied each detail of the models, handled the Indian beadwork and laughed at the Chinese schoolboy's "copy-book"; none left the exhibit with a fuller determination to do his share toward the work of his Board of Missions.

The burden of the Diocese of California in manning the exhibit is heavy. When you go to the exhibit will you not give one day to service in the Church missionary booth? Send your name as long beforehand as you can to the secretary of the Church Exhibit Committee, Mrs. A. L. McLeish, 2205 Sacramento Street, San Francisco. She will send you the necessary instructions and the participant's permit for the day you serve.

In any case, do not fail to find the Church missionary exhibit in the Palace of Education and Social Economy and to spend several hours studying the work that you are doing through the Board of Missions and their missionaries.

A TYPICAL SERVICE BY THE BISHOP OF HONOLULU

THERE are interesting experiences in ministering to the variety of nationalities gathered on the little group of islands in the middle of the Pacific. There is perhaps a no more polyglot population on the face of the earth. The picture opposite is symbolic. The Bishop has traveled ten miles by automobile, accompanied by two Korean Christians and two postulants for Holy Orders. He has gone on the invitation of a

Korean Christian who makes his living on a sugar plantation. This man to the best of his ability is influencing and teaching his fellow-Koreans, who are temporarily engaged in the neighborhood. He has gathered a congregation numbering thirty and trains and leads them in their worship.

On arriving the Bishop found that in front of the Korean camp an attractive temporary chapel with a cloth-covered roof had been erected.



A TENT SERVICE FOR KOREANS

Here in the bright Hawaiian sunshine on that Sunday afternoon, the Bishop held service for this group of strangers, whose reverent attitude and hearty responses testified to their earnest appreciation of the opportunity. If the Koreans become permanent residents of this vicinity, as seems very likely, this may be the beginning of another mission.

Thus does the Christian faith propagate itself by the earnestness of those who receive it, and who, like St. Andrew, seek their brother also.

The Rev. Walworth Tyng, of Changsha, China, in a recent letter makes the following statement:

WE have just finished the Ting Li-mei (Chinese Evangelist) eight-day mission. The results were almost exactly the same as for the big meetings eleven months ago. This time it was a total of 1,318 in the whole city, and 148 to us. This is the third great union mission in twelve months. The three together saw about 4,000 names signed up in the whole city. Of these about 750 came to us. No matter how they dwindle, this is wonderful for Changsha.

"ARE THEY GIVING ANYTHING?"

By the Rev. Arthur M. Sherman

THE question is often asked whether the natives in our foreign fields, and especially the Christians, contribute toward the support of the Church in any adequate way. A gentleman said recently: "Are they giving anything, even though it may be but a little? It would be a great encouragement to us who are giving money for the support of the Gospel in China, to know that they appreciate it enough themselves to support it." We can answer that inquiry to-day in the affirmative. They are giving in ever-increasing measure, both life and money, for the work of Christ's Church.

They are giving their lives. The ranks of the ministry especially, and also the trained lay-workers, are being recruited from splendid young men who are often refusing tempting offers from business and government sources in order to give themselves to the up-building of the Church. They are making the noblest gift that any human being can make.

They are also giving their money. The rank and file of the Chinese Christian Church has been for a long time composed of the poor. We must confess it has been difficult to teach them to give. For a long time, the Church did not dare stress the making of offerings lest there should seem to be ground for the widespread belief that the Church had come to China as a commercial enterprise. With the disappearance of this misapprehension, and with the acquisition of a class of people more able to give, and especially with the growth of an educated class of converts composed of our Christian students in positions of responsibility and influence in China, there is a notable advance in self-support. All our congregations are working toward this, and one by one they are slowly attaining it.

In addition, there have been made some remarkable gifts toward the equipment of the Church. This gives striking proof of the appreciation of the Chinese people for what the Church is doing. In the past few months, we note the following:

(1) Gift of Anniversary Hall, St. John's College. On January 1st the corner-stone of the new St. John's Library was laid. The money for this building was raised by students and alumni, and presented to Dr. Pott on the anniversary of the twenty-fifth year of his presidency.

(2) Cathedral School for Girls, Hankow, given by the Chinese. Our last bulletin from Hankow gives this report: "The first section of the new building of the Cathedral Girls' School, to accommodate 100 day-pupils, with rooms for one foreign and several Chinese teachers, is estimated to cost about \$8,500. It is hoped to obtain the funds locally. A committee of men and women interested in the school has begun to collect, and nearly \$2,000 is in sight."

(3) Building for St. Mary's Hall, Shanghai, to be given by the Chinese. At a parlor meeting of the alumni of St. Mary's Hall, Shanghai, held in the home of one of the graduates, a campaign was inaugurated to raise \$8,000 to erect the auditorium of the new St. Mary's. The girls have undertaken this with zest and determination and with great appreciation of what the Christian women of America are doing for the girls of China.

(4) A residence provided for a foreign missionary by the Chinese. A dwelling for the use of Dr. MacWillie, of the Church General Hospital, Wuchang, has been given to the mission by Chinese officials in Wuchang. This is not the first significant evidence of the appreciation the Chinese feel of Dr. MacWillie's work.

They have already contributed \$5,000 toward the purchase of the land upon which our new hospital is to be erected.

(5) Land given to St. Luke's Hospital, Shanghai. Word has just reached us from China that a wealthy Chinese gentleman, recently converted to Christianity, has given the sum of 10,000 taels (\$7,000) to the mission for the purchase of land for St. Luke's Hospital, Shanghai.

It is reasonable, and right, that supporters of the missionary enterprise should look eagerly for signs of self-support. Not at all because they themselves wish to be rid of a burden; not

solely because, in view of the vastness of the Christian task, they long to push on into new fields; but because self-support, self-government and self-propagation are the three marks of a vital, coherent national Church. The gospel of Christ can never take deep and permanent root until it is nourished from the soil itself.

But even tried by this test our work in lands abroad is making substantial progress. Not only in these larger gifts, but in the more commonplace and ordinary needs of the work the Chinese are manifesting a sense of responsibility which is a promise of larger things.

NEWS AND NOTES

IN the cathedral at Hankow, China, on January 5th, was witnessed a suggestive scene when a chorus of foreigners sang Gaul's "Holy City." The words had been translated into Chinese for the benefit of the hearers. Tickets were distributed in the London and Wesleyan missions, as well as our own. Some twenty blind boys and young men from the Wesleyan school were among the most appreciative listeners. This is surely a beautiful and suggestive way to "tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King."

IT may be remembered that a year ago last fall, in the unprecedentedly severe gales off the Arctic coast, which wrecked the Stefansson expedition, the new launch called the *Nigalik*, which had been given to Mr. Hoare for use at Point Hope, was blown out to sea and lost. From recent letters we glean the information that she did not founder, but was rescued by a Captain Cochran and taken into port. It will be impracticable to get her back to Point Hope. She will therefore, be sold, and whatever is received will be used as a nucleus for the purchase of a new and more substantial vessel.

Other recent letters give details of the death and burial of Dr. Driggs. He had been dead two days when Mr. Hoare reached him, and had only the natives about him. A stroke of paralysis had rendered him practically helpless. He was buried on the hillside of Lisburne, his recent home. Mr. Hoare closed up his affairs and sent to Dr. Driggs' sister his personal effects.

ONE of our priests in South Dakota, the Rev. W. Blair Roberts, had an unusual experience on Easter Day. Twenty-eight miles from his place of residence there was a community of Church people. Although on the railway, no train was available to reach them. Finally he requested the railway authorities to permit him to use a hand-car. The general manager of the road ordered the section foreman to take Mr. Roberts, and by this courtesy he was enabled to minister to sixty people who otherwise would have had no Easter service. The hand-car trip of fifty-six miles was sandwiched in between the other services of the day.

BISHOP BILLER, of South Dakota, calls attention to the fact that two clergy in his jurisdiction, one a white man and the other an Indian, have achieved a remarkable record of continuous and efficient service. The Rev. H. Burt, of Crow Creek Reservation, has been forty-five years among the Sioux, and the Rev. Luke C. Walker, of the Lower Brule Mission, has ministered to his own people for an equal length of time. Such records would be remarkable anywhere; they are especially so when the difficult conditions of work in the Indian field are taken into account. The Church will consider itself privileged to honor such single-hearted loyalty.



Bishop Hunting of Nevada, writing on May 3rd, says:

LAST week I confirmed nine Indians,—one woman and eight men. One man rode eighty miles on horseback to be confirmed and two came fourteen miles. In the class were a father and two grown sons, a father and grown son, a husband and wife.



In a letter dated April 9, 1915, the Rev. R. C. Cooper of Grace Church, Clay-Ashland, Liberia, writes:

OUR Easter services were heightened. The boys of "Crumwell M. Hall" began to sing at 2 a. m. in the Hall, and at 3 o'clock they marched to Grace Church singing. The edifice was finely decorated, and it was quite crowded. Methodists and Baptists met with us to make that first service a happy one. At 11 a. m. the Bishop was present. We had baptism, confirmation and, as usual, the Holy Communion was administered. Twenty-two persons were baptized, and fifteen confirmed. Ten of the former were presented by me, and also twelve of the latter. The others were from Bromley. The classes were made up of Veys, Bassas, other Native Tribes and Liberians.

EARLY in May the Treasurer's Department received as a contribution to the Emergency Fund three gold dollars, together with the following note: "One of these, perhaps all, was given to an aunt of mine by her father (before 1865), who said, laughingly, 'I'll give you this if you'll keep it.' She kept it faithfully until her death in 1906, and I have kept it, with other mementoes, for a possible emergency. I think I can make no better use of the coins than to send them to you at this time."



AT Changsha, China, on March 28th, Bishop Roots ordained Mr. Yang T'ien-ts'en to the diaconate. Archdeacon Byrde, of the Anglican diocese of Kwangsi, took part in the service. The Rev. Mr. Yang will be stationed for the present at Changsha, where the progress of the work among Chinese has been rapid during the past year.



ASCHOOL for Indian children has recently been opened at Ely, Nevada, in which thirty children who previously were without educational advantages are being cared for. The county provides the room and the teacher is paid by the government. This results from the effort of our missionary in charge of Ely, who aroused the people to their responsibility for these Indian children.



THE Pageant of Peace and War, put forth by the Women's Home and Foreign Missionary Societies, will be quite widely presented on Memorial Day. It also seems certain that Sunday, the Fourth of July, will, according to their recommendation, be observed as a great day of intercession for peace. Many of our own branches of the Woman's Auxiliary have expressed the intention of participating.

THE Rev. George W. Davenport, Secretary of the First Province, has resigned, to accept a call to the rectorship of St. Paul's Church, Burlington, Vt., in succession to Bishop Bliss. Mr. Davenport, who followed the Rev. Dr. Gardner as missionary secretary, has done effective work, and the Board of Missions, in accepting his resignation, placed on record its sincere appreciation of his valued services.

THE Indians in South Dakota are taking up the One Day's Income plan. The Rev. Edward Ashley, of the Cheyenne River Agency, writes that they will give and pray for the success of the Emergency Fund.

Bishop Rowe sends us the following notes written at Fairbanks, March 16, concerning his journey into the interior:

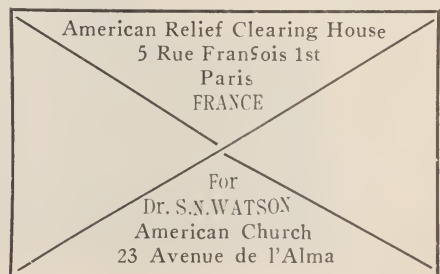
FROM Cordova to Chitina we traveled by train, 132 miles. We arrived at Chitina about 6.30 p.m. I had telegraphed to a friend to arrange for a service, and one hour after we arrived service was held in a hall belonging to the "Arctic Brotherhood." The members of the "Brotherhood" attended in a body. Many others were present, so that we had a large and sympathetic congregation. Next morning at 6 a. m. we left for Gulkana by stage—a two days' journey. Mr. Maloney was with me. At Gulkana I engaged a man and dog-team to accompany me to Tanana Crossing. This meant five dollars a day for the man, fifty cents per day for each of his dogs, while in addition I paid for the necessary food, etc., for men and dogs; so that you can approximately consider the daily expenses at twenty dollars per day.

For days we had hard "mushing," fighting fierce winds, no trails, and "overflows" on rivers, until we reached an Indian village called Mantasta. Here I spent part of three days. I found the chief in a dying condition. In ministering to him he said that he

had "waited long for the missionary, and now it was too late." But I talked to him—he was satisfied—I baptized, confirmed and gave him the Holy Communion. I found that they had in the village a slave girl, eleven years of age, a half-breed, and I demanded her release, and that she be sent to our Mission at Tanana Crossing. The demand was sufficient; I got the girl.

I had many services at Tanana Crossing. In sending Molony back I sent him by way of Shusanna to visit the Telbu Indians and the camp at Shusanna. Madara met me at Tanana Crossing, and with him I followed the Tanana River to Fairbanks. At one place we found a young man who had frozen to death, for the conditions were bad, and the temperature forty below zero. Healy, Sand River, Salkaket, etc., were visited, and finally we 'blew in to Fairbanks.' Am well, though I had two bad days here."

MRS. WATSON, the wife of the rector of Holy Trinity Church, Paris, France, writes to THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS as follows: "Will you add to your kindness to us by an appeal in your next issue? In order to keep our Ouvroir busy, and to meet the ever-increasing demands for clothing, we are greatly in need of a supply of materials, which are difficult to get here now. All sorts of cotton goods (by the bolt), thread, tapes and buttons." She requests that an address like the following, done with black paint, be used on all packages:





THE CROSS USED BY HOLY TRINITY SUNDAY-SCHOOL, HERTFORD, N. C.

TWO SUNDAY SCHOOLS AT WORK FOR THE LENTEN OFFERING

BRINGING THE CROSS TO THE CHILDREN

By the Rev. C. P. Parker

“IN order to bring the children to the Cross, we must first bring the Cross to the children.” This was the keynote sounded on Quinquagesima Sunday by the superintendent of Holy Trinity Sunday-school, Hertford, N. C. He pointed to the large cross, painted in black on white ground. There were on it five white spots, with unfinished, jagged edges, each having inscribed in its center the name of one of the Church’s great mission fields and the amount of money asked for it from the school. For the five fields, including the United States, \$75.00 was asked, some \$20.00 above the average Easter offering through the mite-boxes heretofore. The children took fire from the central idea, and to every one’s surprise and their own (there were only thirty-eight of them) had, by the Fourth Sunday in Lent, brought in \$85.00. As fast as the money was provided for each field a beautifully tinted picture (done by a faithful communicant 76 years young) representing child-life in that land, was pasted over the name of the field. For America there was a lovely copy of Hoffman’s Boy Jesus, the central figure only, which was placed at the crossing.

The superintendent found it necessary to provide additional outlet for the children’s zeal, so he built a pedestal at the base of the cross to accommodate four more pictures, representing all the remaining mission fields of the Church. The enthusiasm of the

children, fostered by their sympathetic teachers, did not wane. On Palm Sunday the total of their contributions to the children’s cross passed \$140.00. Up to this time the greater part of their gift-money had been earned. Many had sold penny-cakes and sandwiches, candy and other goodies to their playmates at school, always giving full value for the money received. But now they were asked to leave off entirely all mercantile methods during Holy Week, and to obtain the next and last offering by the exercise of self-denial only. The self-denial offering, brought Easter Sunday morning, was \$12.63, and brought the total to \$155.00. The children of Good Shepherd Sunday-school, a parochial mission, came bearing their devoted gift of \$11.00, and the grand total was thus made \$166.00.

The Bishop of the diocese was present, and thanked the dear boys and girls in heart-felt terms for their excellent gift, and yet more for their exhibition of that “most excellent gift of charity.” Recognition of their good work came also from the Presiding Bishop. The most cherished possession of the school is this beautiful letter of warm appreciation from their beloved friend, Bishop Tuttle. The parish offering showed improvement, too, being more than three times the amount usual in former years. Together, the Sunday-school and parish Easter offering was \$374.62—all for general missions.

PAY YOUR OWN APPROPRIATIONS

Last June we printed an article describing how a small Sunday-school in Jeffersonville, Indiana, had resolved itself into a sort of Board of Missions, and had made appropriations to all the missionary fields which they bound themselves to pay by Easter Day. Their experience was so stimulating that they repeated the effort this year, and their rector makes the following report concerning their success.

ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL, Jeffersonville, Indiana, following the plan originated there last year, has again had a very successful Lent campaign for missions. Two weeks before Lent the school elected a Board of Missions, after thorough instruction in regard to the constitution, manner of election and purposes of the Board. A president and vice-president were elected by the entire school, the secretary and treasurer of the school being asked to serve in the same capacity on the Board. Then each class elected a representative for its "Province." This Board of Missions met, and after instruction in the methods of the Board, in learning needs and making appropriations (so far as these are understood by the rector) the scheme of appropriations was then set before them and explained. This they were asked to approve, which they did, and the President of the Board was further instructed so as to be able to present the matter to the "Church" on Quinquagesima Sunday. This was done in a very acceptable manner.

The school last year set out to raise \$50.00 and secured \$62.02. The appropriations this year were set at \$60.00. But in raising the appropriations to that figure provision was made for the replacing of the "reserve fund" as the very first item to receive the attention of the "Church." When it was later learned, from the first communication of the Emergency Committee, that in taking this step we were following right along with the General Board without knowing it, there was general rejoicing, for before the appeal reached us the "reserve fund" had been replaced.

At the beginning of Lent each class chose some mission field upon which to make report from time to time. And in addition, as the appropriations to the various provinces and missionary districts were paid, one by one, something was said of the work being done in that field.

Palm Sunday found us almost exactly at the point we had reached last year on the same day; only about \$44.00 reported. Surely our zeal must rouse us to greater efforts. We entered the last week feeling that we must put forth every energy to reach the goal. Easter day totaled \$45.00 cash, with reports showing almost the whole amount (\$60) assured.

As reports came in the following Sunday, however, there seemed to have been some misunderstanding on the part of some of the children in regard to the making of the weekly reports, so that the result did not quite come up to the appropriations. Immediately the suggestion came from one of the classes that it was not necessary for us to stop working just because Lent was over. This suggestion was immediately seized, and the school started on a new campaign to raise the balance. In two weeks it was more than raised, and the "Church" had not failed to pay all its appropriations, restore its "reserve fund," and have some little over with which to enter upon new work wherever the need and the opportunity should show itself.

The large map of the world mission field was again used and proved very effective. This year it was done partly in colors.

AN EDITOR'S TESTIMONY TO EFFICIENT SERVICE

Horace H. Herr, editor of the Indianapolis *Times*, has recently been in Paris and writes to his paper concerning the splendid way in which, as he expresses it, "the problem of the Church Militant has been solved by the American Church under the leadership of Dr. Watson." Our readers will recall previous articles in these pages explaining how the parish buildings had been utilized for the making of clothing for refugees, and how Dr. Watson is carrying forward a large variety of relief enterprises. From personal inspection of these Mr. Herr writes as follows:

DR. WATSON told me that the fame of the Church's work had traveled to distant and obscure places—how, he could not venture a guess. He received a letter from China the other day, and in it was money. A Canadian sewing girl sent \$5. A seamstress in Bristol, England, doubtless working hard for a living, had scraped together one pound—\$5. A woman in Corsica sent a draft for 100 francs, saying she wanted the wounded soldiers to have a little money, and Dr. Watson found a Belgian priest who was going into the fighting district and through this priest 100 wounded soldiers received each one franc. With this letter was this request, "All I ask of each soldier who receives a part of this money is that he will say a prayer for my three little angels in heaven."

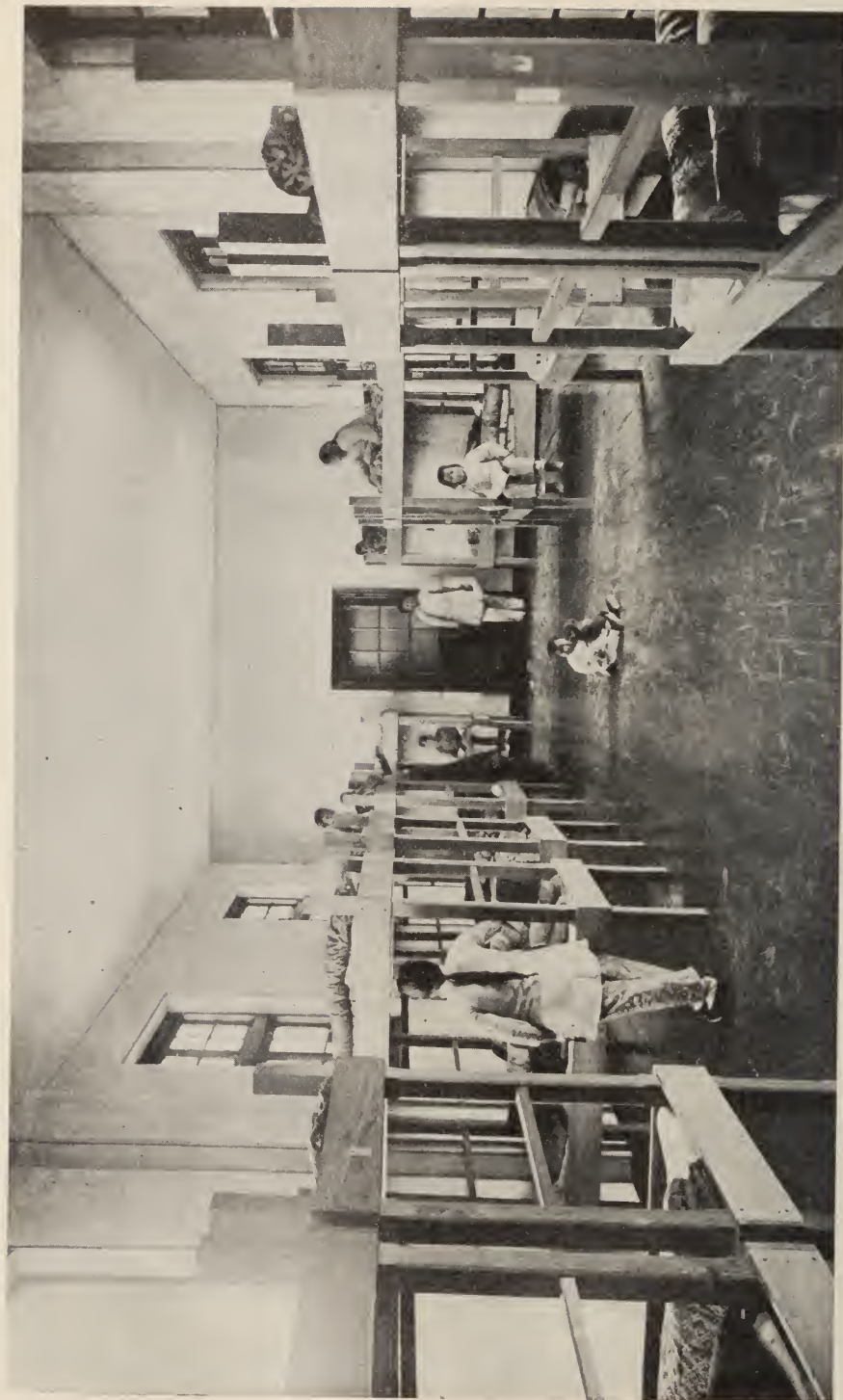
Dr. Watson told me that this great church, which is the largest American church in Europe, actually faced bankruptcy shortly after the war. The Sunday collection dropped from \$150 or \$200 a Sunday to \$10, or at the most \$50. His appeals for funds to American friends met with generous response and as a result the church is still open and doing one of the most extensive works in the relief field.

I went into the church building, and round the large rooms provided for the social life of the church stocked with woolen socks, blankets, sweaters, bandages, etc. In another room I saw twenty-five sewing machines and women at work with them. Some of these women are refugees who have been given work to enable them to

make enough to keep soul and body together; others were what in America we call "society women." There wasn't any gossip either—it was all work. Two great truck loads of packages were waiting to be sent into the devastated district of France. Before those piles of clothing every criticism I have harbored against the church fell away, and it thrilled me to think that it remained for an American church, though not of my denomination, to give the American flag a new meaning in France.

Next year, or the next year, when you make your tour of France, and you reach Paris, I am sure you will hear of Dr. Watson and the American church as one of the combinations made illustrious in the memory of the French people through its merciful ministering "to the least of these"; and the beautiful church at 23 Avenue de l'Alma will have a new interest for every American.

ON May 9th, at the Hahnemann Hospital, San Francisco, occurred the death of Miss Lizzie R. Foster, who thirty-eight years ago entered the service of the Board of Missions as proof-reader upon this periodical. About a year later Miss Foster was employed to assist Mr. Kimber in the work of the Foreign Committee. She continued in the service of the Board in one capacity or another until her retirement from active service about four years ago. Thus another faithful servant and earnest helper of the missionary enterprise passes to her rest and reward.



DORMITORY AT THE CHILDREN'S REFUGE, SHANGHAI
"Every bed in the refuge is a double-decker, and the dormitory looks like the big cabin of a steamer."

LIVES THAT HAVE HELPED

IX. A MOTHER OF SLAVE GIRLS

By Margaret Hart Bailey

I. The Work and the Woman

SLAVERY is so common in China that it is almost impossible to persuade even the thinking Christian Chinese that it is an evil. Nearly every well-to-do family—Christian families unfortunately included—have one or more little slave girls, and if they are well cared for no one thinks anything of it.

Since the Middle Ages it has been rare to find a nation that makes slaves of its own people, as the Chinese do—an indication of the statement we so often hear that medieval conditions still prevail in China. Another peculiar feature of the slavery in China is the fact that it is generally only the girls who are made slaves. They are bought for a song in the famine regions by dealers who bring them to the cities and openly carry on their horrible trade. Often they are sold to a neighboring family for debt, or it may be that parents have more girls than they want and can be easily persuaded to part with two or three. Often, too, they are kidnapped.

By treaty with England there is a mixed court in the Shanghai Settlement to which many slave cases and cases of kidnapping and cruelty to children are brought. After the offenders were dealt with there was no provision for the children themselves until in 1901 some ladies of the community formed a committee and started a home supported by private subscriptions, to which, after a time, the Shanghai Municipal Council added a yearly grant. It has often in the past been miscalled a "Slave Refuge," but, though the majority of the children there have been slaves, the

original idea was of a home for any cruelly treated children, and it is now correctly known as "The Children's Refuge."

As can be easily imagined, it was a difficult institution to run, and everything depended on the personality of the one in charge. The disciplining of girls, some of them half-grown, to whom restraint has always spelled cruelty, is an endless task and takes endless patience. It is hard to raise money, and there is never all that there ought to be. The difficulty of getting the right sort of helpers and teachers is great. The committee was therefore very fortunate when in 1910 Deaconess Henderson of the Amer-



A SHY NEWCOMER MAKING FRIENDS

ican Church Mission was chosen for the place. She is a woman of wide experience in nursing and evangelistic work, with an infinite capacity for unselfish devotion to her work, and a heart big enough to hold, as one of her own children, each of the one hundred and fifty girls who now crowd the wholly inadequate building.

II. *Work and Play at the Refuge*

This building she has divided into three distinct parts, each with its own tiny playground, for the oldest, middle-sized and youngest children. All the work is done by the girls without the help of servants. They make all their own clothes, even their shoes—not as difficult as it sounds in China—weave rugs and make rag-dolls for sale; work, study, play, grow fat and healthy and happy—all on \$36 (Mexican) a year.

The day begins with morning prayers. From then until four o'clock the time is divided into half a day's

study and half a day in the work room; those who study in the morning going to the workroom for the afternoon, and vice versa. Certain older girls, who have finished the regular course of study, are given charge of particular parts of the housework according to their ability, and for them too there is a study hour in the evening. But at four o'clock much noise is heard from the little girls' part of the house, for there is no repression of normal childish spirits in this wonderful institution, and play and good times last until the "evening rice" is ready.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday are bath days, and that is indeed an undertaking for so many in so small a space. Near the six little bath cubicles is a tiny locked room that is filled from floor to ceiling with cubby-holes, the neatest little cubby-holes! In each is a clean outfit for each child, with her name written in Chinese characters on every article of clothing, so that she shall feel it is *hers*, even if it does look like the next girl's. They are all *children*, not *inmates*, here. And tucked away behind the clothes are very private "possessions" which the children are encouraged to have and to treasure. Any time they are wanted they may be had for the asking, and meanwhile who would take such good care of them as "Ung Siau-tsia" (Miss Henderson's name in Chinese)? Perhaps one child has a doll that was given her at Christmas; or she has made for herself a pretty little box; or, if she is one of the older ones, she may have something that will do for her future trousseau. On the door of this room hang the bath schedules, twenty to an hour, and Miss Henderson herself bathes and dresses the very little ones.

III. *The Children's Hour*

The evening is the time of all others to visit the Children's Refuge. In Miss Henderson's own study (she can



ON THE THRESHOLD



THE BABIES EATING RICE OUT OF DOORS

never let them out of her sight for long), at tiny low tables, sit eight or ten of the "babies" eating their evening rice and vegetables, fat, jolly little tots, quite unafraid of you—why should any one ever be afraid when Ung Siau-tsia is near?—chattering freely to you and each other, as happy and healthy children as you could find.

Would you ever guess that one was not so long ago thrown away on an ash-heap for dead; that another was bound for several days to a post without food, while red hot needles were run into her nails; and still another came with an arm twisted into a compound fracture and her eyelids so torn that one eye can never close again? About each there is some such tale of terrible cruelty. Is it any wonder that they first come to the home, sometimes in perfect silence, and sometimes crying, "You want me to die! You want me to die!?" Be-tsung was silent for so long, smiling only when alone with Miss Henderson, that all thought her deaf and dumb until one night at prayers she began at the beginning of the Lord's Prayer and went straight

through to the end. Since then she has never stopped talking!

But E-ling, with the brightest face of them all, roly-poly and affectionate, is truly deaf and dumb. She was two years old when she was brought in three years ago, and weighed under ten pounds. It was some time before Miss Henderson saw that she could not speak, but now she can tell you the Chinese names for "nose" and "shoes" and many other things; for Ung Siau-tsia, in her busy days, has found time to teach her. None of the children is quicker to think for others. It was she who offered her little doll to a child who was brought to the Refuge a few days after Christmas. And on the day when she and twenty-six others were baptised at St. John's last year, she smilingly gathered the drops of water that had fallen from her own forehead and tiptoed from one to another of the group at the font, making the sign of the Cross on them. Later she will go to the Deaf and Dumb School, but Miss Henderson is glad there is no need to let her baby go yet.

Upstairs we go to Miss Henderson's bare little bedroom, lighted by one oil lantern in a corner. There may be one or two sick children here on cots. On the balcony just outside the door are rows of beds, double-decker beds. Every bed in the Refuge is a double-decker, and a dormitory looks like a big cabin on a steamer. It is the only way to get all the children in. Bed-time has come now for the little ones. Miss Henderson sits on a low chair beside her bed, and the children in a circle on the floor—or on your lap, if you are fortunate enough to be there. Softly they sing a hymn, while each one in turn is undressed by one who is more to them than any mother has ever been. Two—tumbled over her shoulder onto the bed—kneel behind her, two at her knees, and the rest at yours, or as near as they can get. Together they say the Lord's Prayer in Chinese, and a little prayer that belongs just to them, and with hugs and kisses all round they are tucked into bed, to wake soon for another happy day.

Perhaps you wonder what Miss Henderson has to herself, if children eat in her study and sleep in her room. Nothing at all! She cannot be persuaded to keep for herself even a corner where she can be alone for a few moments. Bit by bit the rooms that were hers when she began her work there have been given up to the needs of her children, and when they are sick her big mother-heart must have them close to her own bedside. One afternoon a week, and not always that, is as much of a holiday as she ever takes, winter or summer. "Sometimes I want to go, but then I think how dreadful it would be to be far away from my kiddies, and I can't do it," she says. Every detail is under her eye. This winter she has been her own matron, and weighed out every catty of rice. Her own comfort and rest are quite forgotten. Sometimes the only foreign food in the house will be a loaf of bread, and she forgets to eat even that. No one else could stand such a life, and yet she seems as well and happy as one of her children, find-

ing her life and her joy in the service of the Master for these little lost children of His. Truly the right woman in the right place, as every one says who goes there.

IV. The Future

A natural question is, "What is the future of these girls?" Once, when Deaconess Henderson was asked how long she kept her girls, she answered with a laugh, "Till the bridegroom cometh." And that is literally true, for there is no future



SOME OF THE YOUNGER GIRLS



GRACE BEFORE RICE

but marriage in which they would be sure of protection. Bridegrooms do come. In China a wife is a wife. It doesn't much matter what her history or antecedents are if she is strong and capable, and the fewer relatives she has the better. But they must be the right sort of bridegrooms to suit Miss Henderson; Christians, of course, and men who will see that their wives are something more than slaves to their mothers-in-law.

One girl has recently been on an exciting shopping expedition with Miss Henderson, buying her trousseau with the sixty dollars sent by her prospective husband whom she has never seen. Sixty dollars (it would be about thirty in American money) will buy a great deal; quite a complete outfit of clothes: coats and trousers (for herself, not for her husband!) and a skirt, bedding, the red tub that a bride must bring, and two sets of pillows, towels and toothbrushes (one for her husband and one for herself), chopsticks, a footstove, mirror, umbrella, and many other things; all to be carried openly through the streets from her house to the groom's, according to Chinese custom.

The wedding journey may be on a wheelbarrow to the new home, but it is as full of thrills as a European trip.

One sad thing that troubles Miss Henderson very much is the deficient and partly deficient girls who are occasionally sent to her. The number of them must increase, for they cannot be married, and it is very bad for the others to be thrown so much with them. China has no idea as yet of taking care of such dependents.

With all the thousands of slave-girls in China this is almost the only helping hand held out. Its atmosphere of love and deep understanding of child-nature is a model to institutions everywhere. But, no matter how good it is, this work can never be more than begun by foreigners. How long a day will it be before the hearts of the Chinese themselves are opened to the sufferings of these helpless children, before they themselves establish many similar refuges; and, striking far below the surface, put an end to conditions that allow the life of a child to be bought and sold?

Miss Henderson's work is a hard



A BUSY GROUP IN DEACONESS HENDERSON'S STUDY
Note the Teddy Bear



GROUP OF OLDER GIRLS

Remember that they came emaciated, hopeless, friendless, condemned to a life of pain and degradation.

one, and often very discouraging, as all work that tries to right the worst wrongs of the world must be. But she

does it with a sunny faith and a clear vision; and we should feel it our privilege to give her all the help we can.

"A MOTHER OF SLAVE GIRLS" IN CLASS WORK

PREPARATION FOR THE LESSON.

ANY library—and especially any missionary library—will contain books descriptive of the condition of women and girls in China. See especially "The Education of Women in China," Margaret E. Burton; "Women of the Middle Kingdom," R. L. McNabb; "The Changing Chinese," Edward A. Ross.

Study in some good encyclopedia the question of slavery, as it has prevailed in various races. A Bible dictionary will help you to trace its course in sacred history. Read some of the current articles in *THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS* on the conditions prevailing among women and children in China. See particularly "Woman and New China," by Bishop Huntington, in the issue for December, 1914. For information as to what our schools are doing, see "St. Hilda's Outside the Wall," October, 1914, and "For the Girls of China," February, 1915.

THE FIRST FIVE MINUTES.

Our last lesson was about slavery. A generation ago it existed in our own land. Let us look at an example of it in China. Try to make the class understand how human greed and selfishness always tried to take advantage of others, and how the Christian faith is always fighting against this tendency.

TEACHING THE LESSON.

I. The Work and the Woman.

1. Among what races is slavery found?
2. Did any nation ever enslave its own people?
3. Why should girls be enslaved when boys are not?
4. Tell of relief work attempted in Shanghai.

II. Work and Play at the Refuge.

1. Into how many parts is the work divided?
2. Tell of the work and study at the Refuge.
3. What is done to make the girls feel like individuals, and not inmates?

III. The Children's Hour.

1. Why are the newcomers afraid?
2. Describe some of the things they had suffered.
3. Tell about the child which interests you most.
4. Describe how they go to bed.
5. What sort of person do you think Deaconess Henderson is?

IV. The Future.

1. What is the after life of most of these girls?
2. Describe some of the Chinese customs of courtship and marriage.
3. What does a girl get for her trousseau?
4. What can we do to help Deaconess Henderson?

THE LITERATURE OF MISSIONS

BOOK REVIEWS

Unity and Missions. Arthur J. Brown. Published by Fleming H. Revell Company, 158 Fifth Avenue, New York. Price, \$1.50 net.

Whatever comes from the facile pen of Dr. Brown carries with it the weight of a wide experience and a balanced judgment. This contribution to the literature of Christian Unity—identifying the thought, as it does, with the world campaign of missions—is exceedingly interesting and suggestive. Dr. Brown has written very frankly, and perhaps no one but those in his own denomination would be able to accept all his conclusions. Nevertheless, he shows great fairness, and his chapters on "Anglican Proposals for Unity," and "Anglicans and American Presbyterians in Shantung," contain matter for deep thought on our part. Dr. Brown has voiced a great ideal, and has contributed something at least towards its possible fulfillment.

The Church in Eastern Ohio. Joseph B. Boyle.

This book, a limited edition of which is privately printed by the author, deals with an interesting phase of the Church's development. It is chiefly the story of the parishes of St. Paul's and St. Stephen's, Steubenville, and St. James's, Cross Creek. Within this history appear such inspiring figures as Dr. Joseph Doddridge, the Christian pioneer of Ohio, the Rev. Intrepid Morse, a saintly

priest, and Bishop Philander Chase, first diocesan of Ohio. Though much of the material is local in character, there are many things in the book which have wider scope.

An Introduction to the Korean Spoken Language. Horace Horton Underwood, A.B. Published by the Macmillan Company, 66 Fifth Avenue, New York. Price, \$1.75.

Our own knowledge of the Korean language does not equip us for an authoritative statement concerning the linguistic value of this book, but it is certainly interesting and stimulates the spirit of research. One would be glad to know how those astonishing "pot-hooks" can possibly mean: "The baby is crying," or those others: "The rats are gnawing a hole in the ceiling." So far as we are able to judge this book should serve its avowed purpose in "clearing away some of the difficulties and obstacles which present themselves in acquiring the ability to speak the Korean language."

AS is noted in our advertising pages, a revised edition of "The Conquest of the Continent," the popular book on our domestic missionary work by the Rev. H. L. Burleson, S.T.D., is ready for distribution. The chronological pages have been corrected to January, 1915. The SPIRIT OF MISSIONS edition, in red and gold, gilt top, 75c. Address, The Business Manager, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York.

SUGGESTED BOOKS FOR SUMMER

NEARLY every one can read at least one missionary book during the summer. Here are a few suggestions. All of these books may be borrowed from the Library of the Church Missions House without charge except for cost of carriage.

Books to accompany the text-books for the four review courses suggested for next year (and included in the \$2.00 Library for each course) have been purposely omitted from this list. Although they may be borrowed from the Library, they will be found so useful for reference that it is recommended that whenever possible, they be purchased from the Educational Department, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Breaking Down Chinese Walls. Elliott I. Osgood. New York, Fleming, Revell, 1908.

An interesting, intimate account of the experiences of a medical missionary in China. Easy and pleasant reading. Full of vivid incidents.

The Breath of the Gods. Sidney McCall. Boston, Little, Brown & Co., 1914.

This is a thrilling novel. Said by residents of Japan to give an unusually clear idea of the spirit and atmosphere of the country.

Changing Chinese. E. A. Ross. New York, Century Co., 1911.

Full of vivid descriptions of Chinese life. Its author, a professor at the University of Wisconsin, is a traveler with remarkably keen powers of observation.

Christianizing the Social Order. Walter Rauschenbusch. New York, Macmillan Co., 1914.

An attempt to show in some detail how modern social problems can be solved by the application of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Very striking and suggestive. Provides a background for further thinking along these lines.

The Empire of Christ. Bernard Lucas. New York, Macmillan Co., 1909.

The subtitle of this book is "A Study of the Missionary Enterprise in the Light of Modern Thought." Suggestions are given for an adequate presentation of Christianity in the East, using India as an illustration. Although not a long book, it might well provide material for many hours of reflection. It is at the same time an arraignment of past narrowness and timidity and an appeal for a more imperial conception of the Empire of Christ.

Henry Martyn; Saint and Scholar. George Smith. New York, Fleming H. Revell Company.

The standard biography of Henry Martyn, containing portions of his journal and a number of letters. Although somewhat long, it makes most inspiring reading. Full of the spirit and enthusiasm of the early pioneers.

In Peace and War in Japan. Herbert Moore. London, S. P. G., 1915.

This is a simple, straightforward narrative of a Japanese boy, Eijiro, brought up under the influence of the Church of England. Incidentally, the reader learns a good deal about the Japanese life and thought and of the conditions under which the Church is working.

James Hannington: a history of his life and work. E. C. Dawson, London, Seeley & Co., 1887.

The life of this missionary martyr is a priceless heritage to the Church. No one can afford to remain ignorant of it.

Letters to His Friends. Forbes Robinson. New York, Longmans, Green, 1910.

It is Forbes Robinson's rare sympathy and understanding that make these letters such a real help. They have stimulated a great many people to deeper consecration and more effective service.

Life of William Carey. George Smith. New York, Dutton (Everyman's edition).

William Carey has often been called, "the pioneer of modern missions." The advance of the Church in the East was made possible by his breadth of view, foresight, executive power, and personal devotion. In the light of the recent stress on the social aspects of missions, it is interesting to note the many progressive methods that he advocated.

A Missionary's Life in the Land of the Gods. Isaac Dooman. Boston, the Gorham Press, 1914.

An informal account of his ministry, written by one of our missionaries in Japan.

The Philippines, Past and Present. Dean Worcester. New York, Macmillan Co., 1914.

Two thick volumes. Excellent illustrations. Particularly interesting for description of native tribes in Northern Luzon. Every student of the Church's work in the Islands should be familiar with this book.

The Present World Situation. John R. Mott. New York, Student Volunteer Movement, 1915.

An extraordinarily interesting book, especially at this time. Although written before the war, it is almost prophetic in the view that it gives of the great problems that the Church and the world are facing to-day.

The Revelation of Discovery. Bishop Brent. New York, Longmans, Green, 1915.

Bishop Brent's latest book needs no words of commendation.

Stewart of Lovedale. James Wells. London, Hodder and Stoughton, 1909.

A study of the life and work of one of the world's greatest missionaries, a friend of Livingstone and Gordon, and known as "the biggest human in South Africa." One of the first men to organize an industrial mission on a large scale.

Ten Thousand Miles with a Dog Sled. Hudson Stuck. New York, Scribner's, 1914.

Nothing could give a more vivid picture of the conditions in the interior of Alaska and especially of the natives along the Yukon Valley than this delightfully written account of the Archdeacon's journeyings.

Thinking Black. Dan Crawford. London, Hodder and Stoughton, 1914.

Mr. Crawford wrote this book after he had spent twenty-seven years *without furlough* in the African jungle-country that neither Stewart nor Livingstone could penetrate. He emphasizes continually the necessity of remembering "God's equilateral triangle of body, soul, and spirit" and of thinking in social terms.

MEETING OF THE BOARD OF MISSIONS

MAY, 12-13, 1915

TWO days were necessary in order to deal with the matters which came before the Board at its May meeting. The sessions began at 9:30, on May 12th, with a celebration of the Holy Communion by the President, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Gray. The roll call showed thirty-six members present, representing every part of the country. Bishop Brown, Coadjutor of Virginia, was also in attendance, as were the Secretaries of the First, Third and Fourth Provinces.

The Treasurer's report was most encouraging. For the second consecutive month, it showed an absolute increase in every item, and a total increase of \$155,169.98; of this the Emergency Fund receipts were in the neighborhood of \$100,000. To meet the appropriations in force and to restore the deficit there would be needed by September 1st, \$794, 144.01.

The first item of business transacted was concerning a resolution which at the meeting on February 10th came before the Board, recommending that elected representatives should participate in a proposed Panama Conference concerning work in Latin-American countries. After considerable discussion the matter was laid upon the table. It was the conviction of some of the members that the Board was not competent to take such action, in view of the failure of the House of Bishops to pass a certain resolution presented in the last General Convention. Early in this session the Board took this question from the table and discussed it at great length. In the opinion of Mr. George W. Pepper, and other lawyers on the Board, it was entirely competent for the Board to act, and the matter was so decided. After a thorough discussion the following resolution was passed:

Resolved: That the Board of Missions having learned of a plan to hold a conference in Panama in 1916 on missionary work in Latin-America on the same general lines as the World Missionary Conference in Edinburgh in 1910, will arrange to send delegates to the conference, and authorizes any of its officers, who may be asked to do so, to serve upon committees in connection with the conference and to take such other steps in the preparatory work as they may think desirable; provided that whatever notice or invitation is sent to any Christian body shall be presented to every communion having work in Latin-America.

The Emergency Fund Committee then reported. At that date \$125,000 had been received, and the Board sent out to the Church the resolution printed in the first pages of this issue.

It was voted to continue the Emergency Fund Committee with directions that it energetically prosecute the campaign until the very last day of the fiscal year.

Consideration of the appropriations for the next fiscal year was then taken up. The Board realized the seriousness of the situation and felt that it could not go before the Church with a recommendation for enlarged appropriations. At the same time it was distinctly felt that there should be no backward step. After long debate the following resolution was passed:

Resolved: That the total of the appropriation for the year 1915-16 shall not exceed the sum of \$1,481,340, being the same amount as is included in the budget for 1914-15.

The figures contained in this resolution represent the total of all appropriations. While there are some slight changes in detail, the separate appropriations to different fields remain practically the same as last year. This closed the afternoon session of the Board.

On reassembling at 8:30 p. m., the Rev. Dr. Freeman, presented the following resolution:

Resolved: That in presenting to the Church the proposed appropriations and apportionment for the ensuing fiscal year of 1915-16, the Board has felt constrained to maintain the present standard and to take no backward step at this critical time. At the same time it realizes that no new missionary enterprises can be undertaken until the Church through its offerings signifies its desire to have the Board do so. It is the Board's profound conviction that the whole future of the Church's missionary enterprise at home and abroad is to be determined by a widespread awakening of the Church to a vital faith in the saving power of Jesus Christ, and now as never before this truth needs to be unflinchingly held and proclaimed. The Board commends to the whole Church an aggressive evangelistic campaign that shall issue in a recognition of the demand for a progressive and aggressive world evangelization. Bishops, Clergy and Laity are challenged by the present situation, and Christ waits for the fulfillment of His vision of a world redeemed.

The Board spent a large part of the evening considering the estimates in detail and finally passed this resolution:

Resolved: That the report of the Executive Committee be and is hereby adopted with its recommendations, but that in making the appropriations for the various dioceses and districts the President of the Board be requested to communicate with the Bishops receiving these appropriations urging them in view of the present financial situation to suggest ways in which their respective appropriations may be diminished without impairment of the efficiency of their work.

The Apportionment Committee then presented its report as the result of which the following resolutions were passed by the Board.

Resolved: That for the next term of thirteen months an apportionment be made on a basis of \$1,296,938 for twelve months, the present amount, or approximately \$1,405,016 for the thirteen months term; the separate apportionments to the several Dioceses and Districts to be determined upon the same basis as was employed for the present year.

Resolved: That the two plans offered by the Chairman, together with the plan at present in use, be referred to the Board for further study and consideration and

Further Resolved: That the Secretary furnish each member of the Board with copies of the report and recommendation with

the request that they be given careful consideration in preparation for next year's apportionment.

At the afternoon session an illuminating speech had been made by Secretary Patton concerning the campaign in his Province in interest of the weekly offering through the duplex envelope. In reference to this the following resolution was offered and passed:

Resolved: That we shall avail ourselves of the services of the Provincial Secretaries and Office Secretaries as well as any Bishops, Clergy or Laymen willing to serve in organizing an intensive educational campaign to be carried on in the Fall of 1915 along the lines of the successful meetings Mr. Patton and others have outlined at this meeting.

Adjournment was then taken until the following morning.

This being Ascension Day the Board met for a celebration of the Holy Communion at 9:30 and then resumed its sessions.

The resignation of the Rev. George W. Davenport as Secretary of the First Province was accepted, to take effect May 31st, with expressions of deep appreciation of the work he had accomplished.

A resolution was passed to authorize Price, Waterhouse & Co. to examine and report on the business methods of the Church Missions House.

For a long time the Board has felt that it is undesirable to use undesignated legacies for the payment of current expenses, but that the gifts of the dead, unless designated otherwise, should go for permanent expansion of some sort. With a view to carrying this into effect it was voted last year to use ten per cent. of undesignated legacies for equipment in the continental domestic field. This sum amounted to \$10,700. Requests were received from various bishops totaling over \$40,000. From among them the Board selected what seemed the most immediately urgent, making the appropriations as follows: To the

Bishop of Arizona, \$500 towards the building of a rectory at Williams; the Bishop of Eastern Oklahoma, \$1,000 for the needs of All Saints' Hospital, McAlester; the Bishop of Idaho, \$1,000 toward a rectory at Gooding and the purchase of the site for a new church at Weiser; the Bishop of Nevada, \$2,000 to make possible the securing of an episcopal residence at Reno; the Bishop of North Dakota, \$500 toward a rectory either at Oakes or Williston; the Bishop of Oklahoma, \$700 towards the needs of King Hall, the Church House for women at the State University; the Bishop of San Joaquin, \$2,000 towards the purchase of an episcopal residence; the Bishop of Utah, \$475 to secure a site for church purposes in Roosevelt; the Bishop of Wyoming, \$500 for the development of the hospital at Lander.

A vote of thanks was passed in recognition of the excellent service which Bishop Brewer had rendered to the Board during his recent sojourn in the East.

A Committee on the subject of "Specials," of which the Bishop of Minnesota was chairman, presented its report, and the following resolutions contained therein were adopted:

1. *Resolved*: That the Council of Advice is hereby requested to make it known to the Domestic Missionary Bishops and to the parochial clergy that it is ready to act as an intermediary in arranging for visits of Bishops and other missionaries to parishes in various parts of the country to speak in behalf of the Church's work; that in making such appointments, or special appeals which have been approved by the Board, it be arranged when possible, that

the expenses of the speaker be carried in some way, by percentage of offerings or otherwise, from the parishes visited.

2. *Resolved*: That the Missionary Bishops both Foreign and Domestic, be invited to a conference with this Board early in the sessions of the next General Convention, to discuss the relation of "Specials" to the General Apportionment.

3. *Resolved*: That pending such conference the Domestic Missionary Bishops are hereby respectfully requested to file with this Board, in connection with the requests for annual appropriations, a complete budget of all proposed expenditures for which the aid of the Church, outside of each District, is to be asked; with a view to an examination by this Board of such budgets, and its recommendation of such items in graded classes or respective merit or urgency. This action, however, to be taken with full recognition of the fact that there is neither power nor desire on the part of this Board to prevent or discourage special gifts. The Board craves simply the opportunity to be informed in detail of all special needs, that it may be in a position to attach its formal approval to those special needs which it deems to be especially worthy and urgent.

Appointments of missionaries were made as follows: To Alaska, Mr. Frederick B. Drane; to Anking, Mr. Lloyd R. Craighill; to Kyoto, Miss Alma Booth, Miss Marian Humphreys, and Miss Catherine J. Tracy; to Shanghai, Miss Sidney L. Oehler, Mr. James A. Mitchell and Mr. Donald Roberts; to Tokyo, Miss Hallie Williams.

The fall meeting of the Board would regularly fall on September 22nd, but on recommendation of the Council of Advice the Board voted to hold this meeting on the second Wednesday and Thursday in October, the 13th and 14th, and to this date the Board took adjournment.

ANNOUNCEMENTS CONCERNING THE MISSIONARIES

Alaska

On May 12th, at the request of Bishop Rowe, Mr. Frederick B. Drane, of Edenton, N. C., was appointed.

Mr. Guy H. Madara was ordained to the

diaconate on March 12th in St. Matthew's Church, Fairbanks, by Bishop Rowe; Rev. H. H. Lumpkin presented the candidate.

Anking

On May 12th, at the request of Bishop Huntington, Mr. Lloyd R. Craighill, of

Grace Memorial Church, Richmond, Va., was appointed.

Hankow

Miss Ida Miller Taylor, leaving New York on April 25th, sailed from San Francisco on the S. S. *Chiyo Maru* May 1st.

Honolulu

At the request of Bishop Restarick, the Rev. Frank N. Cockcroft, of All Saints' Church, Redding, Cal., was appointed on April 13th.

Kyoto

At the request of Bishop Tucker, on May 12th, the following were appointed: Miss Alma Booth, of Petersburg, Va., Miss Marian Humphreys, of Andover, Mass., and Miss Catherine J. Tracy, of Harriman, Tenn.

Dr. Henry Laning has arrived in the United States on regular furlough.

Panama Canal Zone

Rev. E. J. Cooper left the field on vacation April 24th, reached New York April 30th.

Philippines

The Rev. and Mrs. H. E. Studley and

Miss Miriam Studley, who left Manila on the S. S. *Minnesota* April 5th, proceeded from Yokohama to the United States on the S. S. *Tenyo Maru*, reaching San Francisco May 10th.

Miss Grace Butterfield, on sick leave, has arrived safely at Pomona, Calif., having left Manila on the S. S. *Minnesota*, April 5th.

Shanghai

At the request of Bishop Graves the following persons were appointed on May 12th: Miss Sidney L. Oehler, of Madison, Wis., Mr. James A. Mitchell, of St. Paul's Church, Centreville, Md., and Mr. Donald Roberts of St. Paul's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Rev. and Mrs. H. A. McNulty, leaving the field on regular furlough on March 12th, reached New York April 21st.

Tokyo

On May 12th, at the request of Bishop McKim, Miss Hallie R. Williams of Lynchburg, Va., was appointed.

After furlough, the Rev. and Mrs. George Wallace sailed for the field on the S. S. *Manchuria* May 15th.

MISSIONARY SPEAKERS

FOR the convenience of those arranging missionary meetings, the following list of clergy and other missionary workers available as speakers is published.

When no address is given, requests for the services of the speakers should be addressed to Mr. John W. Wood, Secretary, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Church Missions House Staff

The President and Secretaries of the Board are always ready to consider, and so far as possible respond to requests to speak upon the Church's general work at home and abroad. Address each officer personally at 281 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Secretaries of Provinces

I. ————

II. Rev. John R. Harding, D.D., 550 West 157th Street, New York.

III. Rev. G. C. F. Bratenahl, D.D., Room 810, Woodward Building, corner Fifteenth and H. Streets, N. W., Washington, D. C.

IV. Rev. R. W. Patton, 412 Courtland Street, Atlanta, Ga.

V. ————

VI. Rev. C. C. Rollit, 4400 Washburn Avenue, South, Minneapolis, Minn.

VII. Rev. Edward Henry Eckel, Sr., 211 W. Market Street, Warrensburg, Mo.

VIII. Rt. Rev. G. C. Hunting (acting), Reno, Nev.

Alaska

Rev. C. E. Betticher, Jr.

China

Hankow—Miss S. H. Sherman.
MacWillie.

Shanghai—Dr. W. H. Jefferys, Rev. C. F. McRae, Rev. H. A. McNulty.

Cuba

Rt. Rev. H. R. Hulse, D.D.

Japan

Kyoto—Rev. Isaac Dooman.

Liberia

Miss S. E. Conway.

Work Among Indians

Mrs. Baird Sumner Cooper of Wyoming. Address, The Covington, West Philadelphia.

Work Among Negroes

Representing St. Paul's School, Lawrenceville, Va.; Archdeacon Russell, Lawrenceville, Va. Rev. Giles B. Cooke, Matthews Court House, Va. Mr. Alvin Russell, 5000 Woodland Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

Representing St. Augustine's School, Raleigh, N. C.; Rev. A. B. Hunter, Raleigh, N. C.

Representing the schools and other missionary work in the diocese of South Carolina: Archdeacon Baskerville, Charleston, S. C.

THE WOMAN'S AUXILIARY

TO THE BOARD OF MISSIONS

A JUNIOR OFFICER IN JAPAN

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS

When the Rev. J. Hubard Lloyd returned to Japan in December, 1914, he took with him his mother, Mrs. J. J. Lloyd, widow of the late Archdeacon of Southern Virginia, and for many years head of the Juniors in that diocese.

Though not herself a Junior, Mrs. Lloyd had always been a true leader of Juniors, and in visiting in the foreign mission field, she is throwing herself into the life of the mission in a way we might expect from any Junior called to God's service there.

As she has given her son to this work and has now given herself, we are sure her heart is rejoicing when one of her own Juniors, Miss Hallie Williams of Lynchburg, is preparing to go to Miss Heywood's help at St. Margaret's, Tokyo. It is only fifteen months ago that a young Junior leader from this same diocese, Miss Louisa B. Myers, went from Norfolk to St. Agnes', Kyoto.

January 29, 1915: It has seemed but fair to keep my dear Juniors somewhat posted about my present surroundings, especially as I have been preaching to them of just what is about me now; for our Second Circle of the Woman's Auxiliary in Grace Church, Lynchburg, supported a girl in St. Margaret's School for four years, until she became a Bible woman and teacher in St. Margaret's; and as the Juniors have been caring for a cot in St. Luke's Hospital for nine years and as two boys in the Osaka orphanage have been their care, I do not feel a stranger in Japan. Miss Tsuda, too, was in America for many years, and in our Auxiliary meetings in Washington and again in Richmond, I knew her; and Iyo Araki San, when in Virginia, was with us in Lynchburg twice. So Miss Tsuda very kindly came to see me and asked that I teach a class in the English Bible in her school—the Institute for English Teaching. I go out every Sunday and have my class of ten Japanese girls around me, who can speak English right well. I find I have one Roman Catholic, one daughter of a

Presbyterian minister, one of a Congregational minister, two non-Christians, and the rest members of Mr. Ota's congregation. Now, the mixture is not to my taste, but as I am struggling with the uplift of St. John's Gospel, I trust some light may be strewn on my path! Mr. Ota, the Japanese minister of Grace Church, is most courteous, and I have been to see his wife. They have seven children, the eldest being twelve. Then my son brings in some Japanese clergymen or students quite often, so I am "provoked to good works."

I have the following letter from my English interpreter, who speaks wonderfully good English and teaches in St. Margaret's School. It was so interesting last Monday, at the Bishop's, where thirty Japanese women met, the united Tsukiji Branch of the Woman's Auxiliary. Mrs. McKim presided, with Mrs. Kurakama as President of the Japanese Branch. I was introduced as "the mother of a missionary and one who loves our country"—a fearful truth and responsibility. Hence came the enclosed notes from my new Japanese friend. I go next Wednes-

day,—cold or hot,—and shall be glad to give any comfort or instruction. I have gotten all the children around the neighborhood to form a Junior branch, and ten are forthcoming: They come oftener than meetings, and are most anxious to study a "play." I am trying to instil the principles of the Auxiliary more than the play, but they have used plays much.

This is Mrs. Kurakama's first letter:

My dear Mrs. Lloyd:

I am so sorry that I cannot manage to go with you to the Woman's meeting at Kanda on the first Wednesday of February, because I have already promised to take some extra classes for one of our teachers who has been ill and won't be able to come to school for a few weeks. They have a meeting on the first Wednesday every month. So will you please let me know which month will suit you best? April is the beginning of the new term of our school, so I am afraid I shall be too busy to go on the first Wednesday. I am afraid March will be still too cold for you to sit in a Japanese room without a stove. How about May or June?

The Auxiliary in Kanda was not willing to have my visit postponed till May or June, as Mrs. Kurakama explains in a second note:

I wrote to Mrs. Minagawa that you were coming to their meeting in May, and she wrote me back that they were so much disappointed not to be able to have you next Wednesday. Because she says it is the most important meeting for them as it is just before Lent, so they expected to hear from you about our earnest American Auxiliary members who are the examples of our Japanese Christian women, so that it will be sure to inspire and impress them so and make them interest to work for the Church and Auxiliary, especially in Lent. She says it is too cheeky to ask you again, but she wants me to ask you if you will be kind enough to come next Wednesday. She says they will do their best to keep you warm. Usually they have a few short talks, but if you will come they want to have you only, so that they could hear you much. They want to ask you to tell them such things:

1. Religious instructions for children in their homes and its relation to their Sunday-schools.

2. How do you teach children to make them interest for the mission work, especially in Lent?

3. How do women work for their Church and for the Woman's Auxiliary?

4. Do they meet every month as we do?

They want you to tell them anything else you think it will be good for them. I know it is too cheeky to ask you again and I am very sorry for you, but if you can they will be very much obliged to you.

Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) Toyo Kurokawa.

April 12, 1915: I must tell you of this maiden speech of mine before the forty-two women in Mrs. Minagawa's Auxiliary in Christ Church. It was a most delightful experience, and brought me in such pleasant contact with these Japanese Christians, some of whom were at the annual meeting last week. They asked me for suggestions about work, etc., they being very anxious to get a new organ for their church, which is, by the way, one of the few churches of Japanese followers who are not helped by American Christians. I told them of the pretty laundry bags I received three years ago from the women of Fukui, from which I believe nearly \$60 was realized, so they have made thirty large ones and ten small ones, and I am undertaking to get them sold. Sending a few at a time by parcels post, much can be saved. Do you think there can be any chance of helping the Christ Church women in this way?*

The price is 75 cents for each large bag and 45 for the small ones.

And now I must tell you of that annual meeting of the Tokyo Branch of the Woman's Auxiliary of the *Seiko-kwai*, which met on Wednesday in Easter week, April eighth. There assembled a crowd of women that well nigh filled the church. Delegates from different parts of Japan met at the Lord's Supper, and one hundred and one gathered about His Holy Table and here fed, a wondrous mul-

* Send orders through Miss Case, Church Missions House, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York.

titude and good to see. After this they adjourned to the rooms at St. Margaret's School, as a general branch of the Woman's Auxiliary, for business consultation. Surely it was a goodly sight—those earnest, Christian women, all eager to do their best for Christian work, to report their progress during the year. There were foreign and Japanese Christians who addressed the meetings, and both foreign and Japanese women were the "sitting on the feet ones" who composed the audience.

A missionary from the Island of Formosa gave his message in his native tongue, a message which seemed to give great satisfaction to his hearers. Of course, we understood that this was of missionary work done by the Japanese themselves for those beyond their parish limits, and so purely missionary work. A venerable Japanese woman—a worker in Formosa—spoke in words which, to judge by her devout manner, and from what was told of them afterwards, were full of devoted experience. The American guest, present by the courtesy and invitation of the Auxiliary body, gave an Auxiliary message from the same Church point of view in America, explaining the United Offering, its origin, purpose and results. The study of Missions through the SPIRIT OF MISSIONS was recommended, in successfully working for the coming of the Kingdom of God and its King Himself. The interpreter was Mrs. Konda, of Grace Church, Tokyo, a graduate of St. Margaret's School, who made one envious of such study and perseverance in acquiring two languages so skillfully.

Miss Boyd of Tokyo, Miss Myers of Kyoto, Miss Newbold of Fukushima were present, as well as Mrs. McKim, Miss Nellie McKim, Mrs. Charles Reifsnider, Mrs. Sweet, and Mrs. John Welbourn.

After this meeting I heard again from Mrs. Kurokawa :

My dear Mrs. Lloyd :

Thank you ever and ever so much for all you have done to our Woman's Auxiliary. It was very kind of you to send me those pretty flowers and a pretty Easter card for Mrs. Minagawa, too.

We had fifteen delegates and members from outside of Tokyo, and they all stayed with us in the dormitory for two days, and some of them stayed until to-day. So you see I had a very good chance of talking to them and showing your precious, interesting books. They seemed to get an idea about study class, and were so interested in it.

Really we had a very nice, successful meeting, and we were quite happy. Everybody enjoyed your talk. It was interesting and impressive.

With many thanks,

Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) Toyo Kurokawa.

And now I must tell of the graduating exercises of St. Margaret's.

Accustomed as we English speaking folk are to school commencements, graduating exercises, and displays of young people's talents and work, such might be regarded as always the same. But privileged to witness the spring unfolding of girls' intellects and spirits in their commencement at St. Margaret's nought but keen appreciation and interest could be felt. The very sight of those graceful figures, soon to go forth to their home life or to their different places in the world, made one reverently thankful for God's goodness to His children, and the hope was strong that the thirty graduates then before us may each year be succeeded by many more, and St. Margaret's School be blessed in every way.

Having some knowledge of the results of such training in our Christian schools in Japan, it is interesting to know what fruit is maturing in the lives and characters of the students that go out from them. To meet Japanese women as one is privileged to know them, and see them from girlhood developed into Christian wives, mothers, teachers, trained nurses and breadwinners, is no little experience of satisfaction and thankfulness. Comparing them with the less fortunate

women of Japan, no one can fail to pray for many such schools as St. Margaret's.

Many who read the SPIRIT OF MISSIONS know of the school, and I think it is well thought of *in print*, but the added testimony of one on the ground, and able to see personal results, will not come amiss. When we can see such results as in the head of St. Luke's Hospital,—Araki San—modest, wise and a blessing every day to so many, when we can witness such competency as is shown in Korokama San, one of St. Margaret's most valued teachers, have her stand by the side of her foreign sisters and make English words fly like wireless messages to Japanese ears and minds, why it makes us thankful for all the money and interest expended on such institutions.

Then, too, when we know of work done in Miss Tsuda's "Women's English Institute," and know that our English language is being so thoroughly taught, that all who go out

from there will have not only English, but some knowledge of "higher English" in a spiritual sense, makes cause, too, for thankfulness.

And now, beside my very delightful Bible class of eleven girls each Sunday at 11, at Miss Tsuda's, I am English teacher of the graduate nurses in St. Luke's Hospital. Dr. Teusler asked me to do this some time since, and I am doing my best. Two Sundays ago I stood Godmother for one of my Bible class girls, and saw her and another of the girls confirmed. Marvelous again! For all was in Japanese. But I had the Prayer Book in the *Romaji*, which helped me to answer at the right time, and knowing the service helped, too.

These meetings and services and classes which I have seen and in which I have taken part since coming to Japan make me feel almost unreal in the keen vision they give me, of things past, present and future, and do much for the cure of homesickness, if any was ever felt.

THE EMERGENCY IN THE WOMAN'S AUXILIARY

On April 19 there died in Wilmington Miss Mary Lafferty, who for eighteen consecutive years was Secretary of the Delaware Branch. In drawing up their loving appreciation of her, the Delaware officers tell of her "wise judgment," her "absolute faithfulness," her "cheerful readiness to help," her love for her fellow workers and for the office she held, which she felt to be her "greatest honor." She was laid to rest on Delaware's self-denial day for Missions, while associates in her longtime work were remembering her at the Service which consecrated their offerings. "To make known this offering was her last duty."

In former numbers of THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS, we have recorded how widely separated members of the

Woman's Auxiliary have united in their response to the Emergency call. Objections and excuses have been few. Where one has written:

Matter on the Emergency fund was read by the president at one of our Union Lenten meetings, but I fear not many will respond to the appeal,

or:

We are very sorry indeed to inform you that it will be impossible to contribute or send any offering. At present we are very much in debt,—have just purchased new pews and our church basement is badly in need of repair, and as we are just a small mission we find it a great struggle,

a third, who dwells on difficulties, ends with a breath of encouragement:

Your letters in regard to the Emergency Fund have been read carefully, and in reply I must inform you in regard to the people in our parish and in the Diocese. First, with

a few exceptions, they are poor working people who give all they can afford for the upkeep of the parish. When one goes to them and talks missions they will tell you their missions begin in their own homes and to their families. In the last year the depression in business has hurt us all in one way or another. Some have had no work for months, others are on half time. I cannot ask people to give when I know they have not got it to give. Those who I know have it and can afford to give I have asked time and time again. I have written notes and sent leaflets that I thought would touch them. Some kindly sent them back to me with regrets, others have taken no notice of them. Our very few Auxiliary women are always willing to help and I feel sure when I read your letters to them some at least will contribute. I was in hopes the bishop or our rector would have done this,

and other letters have been so cheering and hopeful, that the reading of them will surely encourage others to give.

From North Texas:

Here the day Friday is to be observed as one of self-denial and a special service of intercession held. I think that the Auxiliary over the district will observe the day quite generally as one of prayer, and that even if large offerings are not given, the day is going to react for good to us here in deepening our spiritual conception of the work. I sent a letter out over the district as soon as I read of the Emergency Call, and yours has followed.

From Pittsburgh:

The needs of the mission field lie heavy on my heart. My husband's salary has been cut in half, and our outside income so reduced that living is not very luxurious just now, but we are sending you what one day's income should be, not what it is, and we wish it were ten times more.

From Asheville:

I hope the Emergency Fund is growing, and trust that our Asheville branches will be able to send something, if not a large amount. Too many of our officers have been affected by the hard times, with unpaid dividends, etc., but we know that this should make us strive even harder than usual to do our part.

From Porto Rico:

We are taking up the one-day income plan and will try to help the bishop in his efforts for that.

From Kentucky:

I received, and read to the members of Grace Church Auxiliary, the appeal for "one

day's income" to be given to the Emergency Fund. We are all grieved that this shortage should come just when most needed, but I had read to them the War Message and each member had pledged herself to double her missionary offering this year, and also give something over that amount if possible. So our branch will do all we can, and are earnestly praying for the necessary money to be given so the work will not be retarded.

From Virginia:

I had already been planning with my rector, and think we will send ours along with that of the congregation. We have already sent our usual amount for General Missions. I am one of a committee of the congregation for this special and extra, and we think our rector will send it all at once,—each organization giving its part,—Woman's Auxiliary, Juniors, Men's Bible Class, St. Andrew's Brotherhood, Brotherhood of St. Paul, etc., etc. There are not many in my Auxiliary Branch, or in our congregation that have an income, but I am sure all will give something.

From Alabama:

I do not think either the rector or bishop has yet made any plan for the Emergency Fund, so I will just send my widow's mite to you. I will pray daily and at my Communions for the Emergency Fund, and especially on Easter. I do not know what my income is, but I want to send \$10 for the Emergency Fund, and you can give it to the proper person.

From Minnesota:

I enclose the slip with regard to the "one day's income plan." I will not be able to send my check until later, but will be very glad to do so. My own parish, which is a small, struggling one, is making an heroic effort to meet payments on a new church, but after Easter I am hoping to bring the matter before the mission study class of which I am leader. All of us are in medium circumstances, there are no wealthy people, but I hope and pray we may help some in this grand effort.

From Mississippi:

I am leading our Auxiliary study class this Lent, in Miss Lindley's Gospel Revelation. The lessons close with the Good Friday session, and I shall ask that the next day be set aside for this, and the next week be taken to try to interest others. For myself, I am very glad of this definite something we can do right now, for I feel that it will bring the lessons we have studied right into our everyday lives. And the Fund will surely be forthcoming.

From an Alaska missionary on furlough at a Training School:

Enclosed find \$5 for the Emergency Fund for the Board of Missions. I mentioned it to the students here, and they each gave me twenty-five cents and I gave the balance to make the five dollars. Will you tell Mr. King that I will also give one day's income of my salary for a year, and to take it from April's salary? When I return to my home I shall call and see a few Church people there and

see if I can get some money for the Emergency Fund. I think it is time that we should all try to do our best in these trying times. Some of my old people in Alaska whom I have always helped personally, have written to me that they need food, so I feel that I must also do something for them or I would have tried to give more.

From Oregon:

I received the pamphlet concerning the Emergency Fund and am sending my check (\$20) directly to you.

THE JUBILEE YEAR OF WOMEN'S WORK

In the S. P. G.

IN May, 1915, began the Jubilee Year of organized work of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, by women, for women in the mission field.

Each diocese is to celebrate this event in whatever way seems best fitting, but it is hoped that the year from May, 1915, to May, 1916, when the fiftieth year of this work shall be completed, shall be a year of preparation and renewal, an opportunity for thorough examination of methods of work, that workers may be better equipped for ever-increasing responsibility which shall come on the Church in consequence of the war.

The recommendation of the Diocesan Officers' Conference on February 2, regarding this Jubilee, was that "In the opinion of this meeting, it is desirable that the celebration of the women's Jubilee of S. P. G. should be rather of a spiritual and educational nature than associated with any financial appeal. Should any thank-offering be made in money, it should be for the general fund of the Society, or for the Medical Missions Fund."

The Anniversary Week preceded the beginning of this Jubilee Year, the date being from April 22 to 29. It was one of the most successful and inspiring that had ever been held, larger attendance and bigger collections, the

total of the latter being nearly £100 more than the preceding year.

The Jubilee year opened with a service in Westminster Abbey on April 22 at eight P. M., when Bishop Montgomery preached. This sermon was to appear in the May number of *The Mission Field*, a missionary magazine of the S. P. G. Bishop Montgomery has written to ask for the use of St. Paul's Cathedral for the great Thanksgiving Service on May 11, 1916, which will be a fitting close to this very special year, and will fall in the very middle of next year's Anniversary Week. At that time it is hoped that a corporate celebration of the Holy Communion may be arranged at all places where the S. P. G. work at home and abroad is carried on, so that all races and peoples may unite in a great thanksgiving to God for all He has done for women, through women, since S. P. G. was founded."

After the visit of Miss Gurney, Secretary of the Committee on Women's Work, made to the Woman's Auxiliary at the time of the last Triennial, it will be remembered that this Committee of the S. P. G. elected Mrs. Prescott Hall, President of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Church of England in Canada, and the Secretary of the Woman's Auxiliary to the Board of Missions in this country, vice-

presidents, and after Miss Lindley's visit in the summer, the committee also elected her an honorary member of the Society.

In reporting to us the beginnings of this Jubilee Year, Miss Gurney writes: "We were happy in having Miss Walker here from the United States, who is enthusiastic for missions, and spoke beautifully for us once or twice." Miss Walker will be remembered by many who were able to be at the last Triennial, as the member of the New York Branch, who gave an interesting account of study classes of men and women, held in her parish on Staten Island.

Miss Gurney continues her letter, explaining the real object of her writ-

ing to be that the Committee feel very strongly that next year, when they celebrate the Fiftieth Anniversary of women's work, they must have with them their Vice-Presidents from the United States and Canada, and at their general meeting, they passed the following resolution: "Agreed, to send a cordial invitation to Mrs. Hall and Miss Emery, Vice-Presidents of the Committee on Women's Work, to attend the Jubilee celebration in May, 1916."

A book on Fifty Years of Women's Work, is being prepared, and it is expected will be finished during the summer, to be ready for study circles and general use in the autumn.

UNITED WORK OF THE WOMAN'S AUXILIARY IN THE PROVINCE OF THE SOUTHWEST

A SHORT time before the resignation of Mr. Silver as department secretary, the Missouri Branch of the Woman's Auxiliary in the Seventh Department, now the Province of the Southwest, inspired by an appeal he made for more workers for the mission field and more money to send them out, resolved to ask the coöperation of the other branches in the department in sending out a medical missionary from the department, having in mind a physician of Little Rock then offering for China. The plan met with a hearty response, and by fall pledges had been made for the first year's salary, with the expectation of continuing the same for a term of five years. The missionary first selected did not continue in the work, but another Little Rock medical missionary, Dr. Wassell, was just sailing for Wuchang, China, to join Dr. McWillie at St. Peter's Hospital, and was promptly adopted by the Auxiliary. Every diocesan branch in the province shares in this gift, and the first year's pledges so far exceeded

the salary as to give a handsome balance to be used toward the expense of sending out the missionary and his wife.

This happy result is not so surprising when we hear from one Auxiliary officer within this province:

Our plan is to get the women of the parish, not already members of the Auxiliary, to take these boxes and put in them five cents a week if possible—if not, two cents—the contents to be collected semi-annually and turned into the Auxiliary treasury to meet pledges, etc., and to avoid making special collections.

We have not as yet made a real canvass of the parish but expect to do so soon, and have now only about twenty boxes distributed. This is not particularly to help toward the apportionment (which in our parish is raised mainly by the efforts of the vestry or the finance committee), though, of course, some of our pledges always count on that. The \$200.00 we gather for Dr. Wassell we try to give in addition to our regular parish apportionment. I think I may find the boxes available for scattered Churchwomen whom I may discover as I go more about the diocese.

Boxes for General Missions may be had from the Missions House.

THE JUNIOR PAGE

A SUMMER LETTER TO THE JUNIORS

Dear Juniors:—

This is to tell you what I wish I could say myself to you. I hope you have had a good year, and I hope still more that between now and next fall you are going to get ready for the best year we have ever had. Let me give you one word that we may keep in all our work, and that is *faithfulness*. It seems as if the King needs very much faithful soldiers and servants.

In all this terrible war that is going on there is certainly one thing we can all admire, and that is the faithfulness of the soldiers—men from every country are ready to give all they have, to give themselves and to die for their king or country. Don't you think that we who belong to Christ and His Kingdom should be ready to do all He asks us to do for Him? I know you want to do this, and now the question is, What does He ask of us?

Perhaps He wants some of you to join His army at the front—to go to some place away from your own home, even in some other country. The leaders of His army are calling for volunteers. Surely there are some young women in Section III who will answer this call. Remember, we are asking for at least one volunteer from your diocese by 1916.

Then surely the King asks us to pray more about our work, to talk to our Father about the needs of His servants who are carrying His message, about those to whom they go, about all the work He wants us to do for Him—I

mean about your Junior branch. Do you pray for it?

Then He certainly wants us to be more faithful in knowing about His work. Don't you believe that every one who can read in any of the countries at war always gets the papers and learns everything he can about what is going on? And certainly we want to know all that is going on for the establishment of the Kingdom.

Then surely Christ, the King, wants us to be faithful in giving our money. I hope every branch has given more this year than last year, and that all the boxes have been nicer than ever before. You know, too, about the call that has come to us to help St. Luke's Hospital in Tokyo? We want to give at least \$25,000 for this. Has your branch done its share?

Will you think about these things, and see what answer you can make to all these different calls, and will you remember them this summer and do what you can then?

There is one more thing: Will you plan this summer what you can do next year to make your branch the very best one it can be? Think how splendid it would be if all our parish branches were just what they ought to be. That would mean that all our diocesan branches would be good ones, and that all the Junior Auxiliary would be ready for the work which the King wants it to do. Will you do your part in this work, some of you by going, and all of you by loving and praying and giving?

Your affectionate friend,
GRACE LINDLEY.

A LIST OF LEAFLETS

Leaflets noted herein may be had from the Literature Department, 231 Fourth Avenue, Order by department and number. Asterisks mark recent publications. For the quarterly leaflets of the Church Prayer League, address Holy Cross House, West Park, Ulster Co., N. Y.

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| <p style="text-align: center;">Devotional</p> <p>50 Prayers for Missions.
 51 A Litany for Missions.
 52 Mid-Day Intercessions for Missions.
 54 Mid-Day Prayer Card.
 55 *A Form of Intercession for the Present Need.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Alaska</p> <p>805 The Borderland of the Pole.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Brazil</p> <p>1402 Our Farthest South.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Canal Zone</p> <p>M. 1 *The Canal Zone.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">China</p> <p>200 The Chung Hua Sheng Kung Hui. (Holy Catholic Church in China.)
 201 "Since the Revolution—Ladies First!"
 202 *Investments in China.
 204 For the Girls of China.
 205 Why? (The Needs of St. Mary's Hall.)
 206 Pledge Card for New China Fund.
 247 Practical Ideals in Medical Missions.
 268 "Boone"—the Christian University of Mid-China.
 271 A Year at St. John's University, Shanghai.</p> <p>M. 2 *The Church in the Port Cities of China.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Cuba, Porto Rico and Haiti</p> <p>500 In the Greater Antilles.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Honolulu</p> <p>1007 The Cross Roads of the Pacific.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Indians</p> <p>600 The First Americans.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Japan</p> <p>324 The Nippon Sei Ko Kwai. (Holy Catholic Church in Japan.)
 325 The Christian College and Moral Leadership. (St. Paul's College, Tokyo.)
 326 How to Win Japan and Where to Begin. "Help Wanted" (St. Margaret's School, Tokyo).</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Liberia</p> <p>100 Our Foothold in Africa.
 A Sojourner in Liberia.</p> | <p style="text-align: center;">Mexico</p> <p>M. 3 *A Year in Mexico.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Negroes</p> <p>700 The Church Among the Negroes.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">The Philippines</p> <p>467 The Cross, The Flag and The Church.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">United States</p> <p>M. 4 *A Year in South Dakota.
 M. 5 *A Year in New Mexico.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">The Forward Movement</p> <p>1107-1123 A complete set of Forward Movement leaflets will be sent on application.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Educational Department</p> <p>Information: 5c. each; 25, \$1.20; 50, \$2.25; 100, \$4.00.
 3055 Catalogue of Publications.
 3071 The Library of the Church Missions House.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">The Sunday School</p> <p>1 Ten Missionary Stories that Every Young Churchman Should Know. 10c.
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